

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Journal of a War Correspondent

NENA BELMONTE

Wages for the Unemployed

LAWRENCE LUCEY

The Ship That Would Not Die

FRANCIS H. SIBSON

The Enigma That Is France

R. BURNHAM CLINTON

The Seen and The Unseen

HILAIRE BELLOC

Our Future Naval Leaders

MAURICE S. SHEEHY

An Irish Galaxy

O. MACNAMARA

St. Paul and Divine Wisdom

ALFRED DUFFY, C.P.

NOVEMBER, 1937



PRICE 20c



DREAMERS AND TOILERS

SHELLS fall on Shanghai. From a host of friends comes the anxious question: "What of the missionaries in China?" You may be astonished, if you do not know their spirit, to learn that their thoughts are all for advance—not retreat.

It is for the training of those who are the Church's hope for the future that the Sisters of Charity appeal this month. If their plea seems an ambitious one, it is because we at home have forgotten the strides China has been making. We cannot afford to be lagging far behind.

Dreaming while they toil, the Sisters present their plans for an educational center at their Mission. Do not fail to read and, if you can possibly help, do not fail to respond to "Dreamers in Yüanling."

The Sisters are practical enough to know that it will take time to realize their ambitions. But it will be a deserved and appreciated encouragement for them to have your offering promptly. Please direct it to:

THE YÜANLING SCHOOL FUND

The Sisters of Charity

THE SIGN

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PERSONAL MENTION

• **A SINCERE EFFORT** has been made, since the beginning of the Spanish war, to give in these pages the background, the causes, the development and the influences of that conflict. Now we present the *Journal of a War Correspondent* who has been with Franco's armies at the Front. It is not a pleasant picture—this first-hand account of fighting, destruction and brutal murders. But it is one that should be read. It gives the testimony of eye-witnesses, in towns captured by the Nationalists, to the reign of terror which was characteristic of Red control. This is not fiction, but fact.

Well qualified to record this account is **NENA BELMONTE**, daughter of Marquessa de Belmonte de la Vega Real. Educated in her own home city of Madrid, she speaks Spanish, French, English and Italian. Her contributions have appeared in many American and European periodicals. Broadway knows her play, *Spring in Autumn*. From the United States she hastened to Spain at the outbreak of the war. There she was correspondent for *Universal Service* (U. S. A.), *Opera Mundi* (France) and *A. B. C.* (Spain). Now a visitor to America, she expects to return soon to Nationalist territory.

• **MORE** than authentic atmosphere is in the story, *McTieghue's Revenge*. In reading it one senses the bitterness and loss, the patriotism and love, the conquering spirit of Faith in Ireland's days of suffering. **JACK WHITE** does know his native land. A spot in the shadow of McGillicuddy Reeks, near Killarney, was the home of his childhood and youth. At the little school, to which he had to trudge three miles, in good weather and bad, the master taught well. At seventeen he dropped his farm tools for a while to write the winning story in a Dublin magazine contest. For the past fifteen years he has lived in Haverhill, Mass.

• **HIS** appointment as a member of the Board of Visitors to the United States Naval Academy revealed to **REV. DR. MAURICE S. SHEEHY**, author of *Our Future Naval Leaders*, that life there is "not just another job." Those unacquainted with the training and spirit of the young men there will find his article to be interesting and refreshing.

A priest of the Archdiocese of Dubuque, he was a Professor at his alma mater, Columbia College, Dubuque, before his appointment to the Catholic University ten years ago. He is now head of the Department of Re-



Nena Belmonte with soldier and a fellow reporter.

ligion there. These activities, together with his former position of General Secretary of Knights of Columbus War Work at Ft. Sheridan, have qualified him as an appraiser of men. Books written by Dr. Sheehy: *Christ and the Catholic College*, *College Men: Their Making and Unmaking*, *A Decade of Research at the Catholic University*.

• **WHEN** London was the headquarters of **O. MACNAMARA**, the laudable enthusiasm of the English for their martyrs led her to inquire further into the lives of her own Irish Saints. One

well-received result of her research was the novel, *Emerald Pawn*. She contributes *An Irish Galaxy* in this issue. Although she has been traveling since her childhood days, her heart has always turned to Erin. The Holy Childhood Sisters at Sussex were her early instructors. She had the good luck, as she puts it, to come under the guidance of Lamplighter—whose books for children are so deservedly popular abroad.

• **LET** your curiosity intrigue you into reading *Dreamers in Yüanling* by the **SISTERS OF CHARITY**. It will prove that these pioneers in China have vision—as had our own priests and Sisters on American frontiers. War, to our missionaries in Hunan, is not a reason for abandoning their plans. When the present conflict is over, they hope the Church will continue to spread its message without further serious interruption. It is for this they are preparing now. The Sisters' article reveals the progress that China has made along educational lines. If the Church does not keep pace with these developments the missionaries lose more than "face." They lose an opportunity to forward the very work for which they have sacrificed everything so willingly.

• **LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY**, whose poems have been enjoyed by our readers, contributes *Two Read a Legend*. Georgians know him well, since he is not only one of their own sons but columnist now for the *Augusta Chronicle*. He quit college to go to war, served in the army during the World War, and then returned to his literary career.

The New York Times, *America*, *Commonweal*, *The New York Sun*, *Catholic World*—in all, forty papers and periodicals have published his poems and essays. He regards all authentic art as philosophic, however indirectly in particular cases. And he considers that in large part art has been exploited by sham exponents and tragically ignored because of ignorance.

THE SIGN



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



Blind Leaders

MOST of our readers have probably seen either the complete text or at least excerpts from the Open Letter of 150 Protestant clergymen, educators and laymen who replied to the Spanish bishops' recent pastoral. Had this letter been the expression of men who were shut off from the ordinary channels of news, it might be understood as the traditional attitude of those who have inherited a suspicion of anything that is Catholic in origin. What makes this Protestant protest so unintelligible is the fact that the proofs which contradict their statements are available to its authors, as to all readers of the press.

And it is from sources which cannot be challenged as being partial to Catholics that Monsignor Michael Ready of the N.C.W.C. and 175 Catholic clergymen and laymen have taken their facts in reply to this misnamed Open Letter. The truth is that the letter was anything but open. While resorting to the assumption of unproven statements and the repetition of disproven rumors, it was silent on facts which explain to the world the present conflict in Spain.

In attempting to dignify with legality the "Loyalist" régime it made no mention of the changes forced on the Spanish people by Soviet and anarchist groups. It did not list the repeated violations of civil and religious liberties which preceded the revolt, nor record the statement of the Executive Committee of the Communist International in Moscow (1931-1932) that "the prerequisites for a revolutionary crisis are being created at a rapid pace in Spain." It brazenly cited such examples as the so-called "Badajoz massacre"—a story which was repudiated by the correspondent who was falsely credited with the report. No reference was made in the Open Letter to the fact that the present Loyalist Government is not the government elected by the Spanish people.

WHILST excesses, actual or assumed, on the Nationalist side are emphasized by the Protestant writers, they have little to say of the appalling documented atrocities perpetrated by the government for which they ask loyalty and respect. These American zealots pass rapidly over the horrors of which the Spanish bishops have records and of which some were the eye-witnesses. So much for their letter.

What makes comment on it pertinent is that it reveals the value in which Protestant clergymen who pretend to leadership hold their religion. They are of the pure-blooded American type who bubble over with patriotic fervor at the mention of our American

Revolution. They imply that it was glorious to revolt against taxation without representation. But they are amazed and alarmed that men should resort to arms to protect their civil and religious liberties and their most cherished institutions.

Except by way of comment on the growth of unbelief and indifference, we should hardly bother if such an Open Letter were written by those who admit that they hold religion lightly. But when it comes from those who are supported by reason of their profession to teach religion, it is indeed cause for alarm. This attitude of their clergymen and educators must come as a shock to those sincere and intelligent Protestants who would sacrifice everything in defense of their beliefs. If their self-styled leaders think so little of their faith and their religious institutions as to consider religion and liberty not worth the cost of life itself, what can be hoped for from their guidance? If their clergymen and educators are so blind and biased as to issue a statement like the Open Letter, to whom are honest non-Catholics going to look for direction?

LAST month we suggested that Catholics should challenge their thoughts on their loyalty to the Church. In the crisis which is coming—if it is not already here—it is imperative that there be no camouflage, no deceit, no hypocrisy. We must know who is friend and who is foe. The Open Letter is at least a revelation as to where its signatories stand. They have definitely and publicly committed themselves.

The Spanish bishops wrote their pastoral not only as Catholics, but also as men and Christians. Apparently the national, social and religious cause for which they pleaded means nothing to these Protestant leaders. Between such causes and the much publicized Loyalty days, round-table conferences, etc., to which Catholics are invited, there can be but one choice. We think once again of the warning of Christ: "Those who are not with Me, are against Me." It is not encouraging but it is at least enlightening that we cannot count on these non-Catholics. In view of the irreligious and atheistic forces so tirelessly at work in the world today, we did hope for a united Christian front. The spirit manifested in the Open Letter in reply to the Spanish hierarchy's pastoral proves that such a hope is far from realization.

Father Theophane Maguire S.P.

CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

• IN HIS recent speech at Chicago, President Roosevelt repudiated the philosophy of isolation which is the foundation of the Neutrality Act. The Neutrality Act

Problem of American Neutrality

attempts to safeguard United States peace by an isolation as complete as legislation can make it; the President declared that we cannot hope to avoid the risks of war through mere isolation or neutrality. The Act makes no provision for "concerted action" to uphold international law; the President declared such action necessary. The Act treats indiscriminately the aggressor and the victim; the President expressed willingness to throw the influence of the United States against violators of international law.

While the President rejected the isolationist policy which is at the foundation of the Neutrality Act, he has given no indication up to the present time of having planned any definite course of action with regard to international problems. Many, especially in London, Paris and Moscow, thought that the President had determined to abandon the traditional American policy of keeping out of foreign entanglements, and that we should soon see our country united with Britain and France as one of the great "have" nations in the struggle to suppress the aggressiveness of the "have-nots."

We think there is little danger of our country following such a policy. The American people have too distinct a memory of a war fought to make the world safe for democracy to desire now anything that might precipitate a war to secure peace.

A glance at the international situation should be enough to confirm the ordinary American in the desire to keep his country free from foreign entanglements. Britain would be just as willing now as in 1917 to have American help in pulling her chestnuts out of the fire. She is making every effort to prevent either side from winning in Spain. A stalemate would result in a weak and divided Spain, unable to challenge her power at the entrance to the Mediterranean or to help Italy in case of a war in that Sea.

France at present is in the midst of serious financial difficulties. For several years she has been dominated by a Leftist combine, part of which takes its orders directly from Moscow. While hypocritically accusing Italy of intervention in the Spanish Civil War, she has been sending steady streams of volunteers, arms, ammunition and supplies across the border into "Loyalist" territory. In spite of this help—and that of France's ally, Soviet Russia—the Reds in Spain are steadily losing ground, much to the disturbance of the Popular Front. France looks forward to the unpleasant prospect of an ally of Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany on her southern border.

However little we may like the belligerence of a Hitler or a Mussolini, there is no good reason why we Americans should join in defending England, France and Red Russia from real or pretended threats of aggression. At the centre of the vortex of international politics is

war. If we do not wish to run the risk of being sucked down into that centre, let us not play about the edges.

• • •

• POPULAR sympathy in America is undoubtedly with China in the undeclared war that is now raging on her territory. Appeals are being made for the United States

Strangling Japan Economically

to assist China by means of a boycott and sanctions. Japan is dependent on the outside world, chiefly on Britain and the United States, for raw materials—especially those necessary for carrying on a war. In her present financial condition she can purchase these raw materials only by selling her own products to obtain the needed foreign exchange to pay for her imports. Britain and the United States are by far her best customers. Therefore, it is argued, let Britain and the United States refuse to sell to Japan or to buy from her and this economic pressure will soon bring her to her knees.

This plan is so simple that it would seem to work almost as if by magic. It is so simple, however, as to make one suspicious of it. It is not so long ago that we were reading in the papers of the number of months and weeks and days that Italy would be able to hold out against the sanctions imposed on her by the League of Nations for her attack on Ethiopia. Italy was sure to be strangled economically before she could hope to conquer Ethiopia, especially as the military experts predicted that the conquest was impossible or at least would take a number of years. The net result was complete failure—not for Italy but for sanctions.

For several years now the Jews have boycotted Nazi Germany. The effect has been negligible on German economic life and has only served to stiffen her anti-Semitic policy.

What would be the effect on Japan of an American and British boycott and sanctions? It would undoubtedly strike her a severe blow. But it would also cause a severe loss to American and British trade and industry. Furthermore, what could prevent the reshipment of necessary goods from other countries? It is to be remembered that co-operation in an enterprise of this kind is not easy to secure. When Secretary of State Stimson—one of the strong advocates of sanctions now—took the lead in opposing Japanese aggression in Manchuria in 1931, even the League of Nations turned a deaf ear until it was too late to do anything effective. European nations feel that the Sino-Japanese war is at our back door and therefore is our worry. Many of them would probably take advantage of sanctions to find a new market for their goods.

And then too there is always the danger that should such measures prove effective and result in Japan's economic strangulation, instead of falling to her knees and weeping for the evil of her ways, she might make a move that would precipitate war, for economic aggression is twin brother to military aggression.

• WE AMERICANS are accustomed to being lectured by Englishmen. Every Englishman of any prominence or notoriety, whether as a scientist, actor, politician, novelist, or merely as the

As Others See Us

bearer of a title, usually pontificates on what is right and what is wrong with America—usually the latter

—before returning to England. Perhaps it is all for our welfare and we should take it as a fortunate fulfillment of the wish the poet Burns expressed in his famous lines:

"Oh wad some power the gifle gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

These thoughts were provoked by reading a little homily with which Mr. Christopher Hollis edifies the readers of the *Tablet* of London. Mr. Hollis knows something about America, and there is probably a great deal of truth in what he says.

"It is probably a pity," he tells his readers, "that American statesmen should allow themselves to use language of moral menace towards foreign powers. The morals of the conflicts are not as simple as such orations often make out. And, wherever right and wrong may lie, there remains the obstinate fact that those who are stigmatized as 'aggressors' in Europe or Asia, do not believe themselves to be wrong. They are not naughty boys who in their heart of hearts know their own wickedness and can be called to repentance by a timely reminder of their shame. They are burning crusaders, fighting for a cause, which, rightly or wrongly, they believe to be a just cause. Only two things will turn them from their course—the remedy of their grievances or force. American isolationist opinion will not allow the United States to play a part in a large policy for the remedy of the grievances of the unsatisfied powers. The League of Nations is impotent to provide a remedy—impotent for many reasons, of which the chief is American abstention. And on the other hand, foreign opinion is very well aware that in the last resort the Americans would be unwilling to use force. Under such circumstances the unsupported language of moral upbraiding is unlikely to contribute to the cause of peace."

If we were in the position of some of the European nations instead of being rich and powerful and at a safe distance from danger spots, we would find it difficult to lecture others from the heights of our superior aloofness.

• • •

• THE shrewdness of a political observer rather than any spirit of prophecy inspired one of Washington's best-known reporters to write a column which he summarized as "The Art of Getting Away With It." He predicted that no matter how the press and people of the nation protested Justice Black's

Getting Away With It

appointment, no matter what admission that gentleman might make on his return to the United States, the whole affair would shortly be wrapped in the peaceful hush of silence. He was unfortunately right. He might have given us another column in equally American language—"The Habit of Taking It."

For the record and for those who in future years may unearth the answers to the questions that up to now have been passed over, we believe it well to give further thought to the subject. Those who heard Justice Black's radio address wondered not so much at his

admission of having joined the Klan, as at his complete silence as to why he did so. They marvelled at the simplicity he presumed in his large audience. He left it to them to reconcile his advocacy of the Bill of Rights with his one-time membership in a secret order which by rule and in practice repudiated that Bill of Rights. Nor did he offer an explanation as to why he joined the Klan if it was an evil, undemocratic society, nor why he severed connection with it, if it was not.

Imagine the consternation a speech akin to that which he made to the nation would have caused had he delivered it in the Senate before the vote on his confirmation! What a reception his denial of prejudice against Catholics, Jews and Negroes would have had when he was about to become a member of the Klan! But on both those occasions he observed a dignified silence.

Equally astonishing in his radio talk was the time devoted to warning that agitation—such as his appointment stirred up—might bring unwelcome social and economic consequences to certain religious and racial minorities if the protest in regard to that appointment continued. In other words, "if you don't like this, keep quiet about it or worse evils may come to you." With full allowance for the highest motives in this advice from the Justice, we believe we have the right to express publicly our disapproval of both his appointment and his address. When that right is taken away, the Bill of Rights has been in effect abolished.

Were the position he now holds a minor one, the affair might be passed over. But the barrage of criticism directed against the Supreme Court has focussed the attention of the nation on that body. If the country is so impoverished for judicial timber that such a choice has to be made, then it is indeed in a sad condition. And if a selection was made, which might not have been confirmed were the facts since revealed known, then we might expect an explanation. But the silence has been unbroken. The American people, it is to be hoped, will learn a lesson and be vocal in the future in all that pertains to the Supreme Court. Such timely action can alone preserve their liberties.

• • •

• IF you go to the dictionary for the definition of what is meant by a "liberal," you will find that he is one who favors greater freedom in religious or political

matters. If you look about you and observe those who are hailed as "liberals," if you read the pronouncements of the "liberal" press, you

will probably come to the conclusion that perhaps the wit was right who defined a liberal as one who is liberal with something that doesn't belong to him—the truth.

The attitude of the "liberals" toward certain recent events has thrown new light on the kind of "liberalism" that has been breeding in our midst. In Spain a so-called government kills priests and nuns, burns churches, outlaws religion, shoots those suspected of disagreeing with it—and it is hailed by our "liberals" as worthy of our sympathy and support. In Russia a small clique rules with a tyranny as terrible as any the world has ever known. Not only is direct opposition not tolerated, but even the slightest disagreement in matters of policy, or even suspected disagreement, is penalized by death before a firing squad. Speak of this to our "liberals" and they will give you the answer of their own Walter Duranty—in making an omelette one must break a few eggs.

The Ku Klux Klan stands as a symbol of all that is bigoted and fanatical in America. It enforced its denial of the Bill of Rights by means of night riders, the lash, the noose, tar and feathers, and other such gentle means of persuasion. One of its sworn members is appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court, the last and most sacred refuge of the oppressed and down-trodden.

Surely we had a right to expect a cry of horror and protest from our outraged "liberals." Instead we hear a gentle cooing of approval. George W. Norris tells us the appointment was "wonderfully good." Senator Swartz tells us that "Mr. Black's real offense is great ability plus uncompromising determination that the predatory powerful shall not oppress the weak and helpless." The *Nation* and the *New Republic*, outstanding champions of "liberal opinion," both approved of the appointment.

"Liberal" Harry Elmer Barnes gave his blessing to the whole filthy business with the ingenious excuse that Associate Justice Black's past record would make him lean backward in his zeal to do right by every petitioner appearing before him.

To which *America* answers very aptly in its editorial pages: "Using the same principle, we suggest that the President select his Federal judges in future from the gentlemen now sojourning in our State and Federal penitentiaries. Al Capone at once comes to mind, and at the expiration of his term he should, on Mr. Barnes' theory, make an admirable chief justice."

• THE horrors of modern warfare, with the terrific destruction which can be wrought on the civilian population of great cities far behind the battle lines, has

Rebellion May Be Glorious

led many to the conclusion that all war is essentially evil and can never be justified. Certain it is that modern weapons have so increased the destructive possibilities of war that the injury and damage that result are liable to be out of all proportion to the good which may accrue from it, thus rendering it immoral.

Rebellion in particular has come in for a great deal of comment because of the Civil War in Spain. Underlying much of the current controversy regarding the Spanish struggle is the assumption that all rebellion is a heinous crime which can never be justified, whatever the circumstances. Anti-Franco sentiment is probably a partial explanation of the fervor with which this opinion is held, as, for instance, in the Open Letter of the 150 Protestant clergymen, educators and laymen in reply to the Pastoral Letter of the Spanish Hierarchy.

Now, the traditional Catholic view is that although war is an evil there are greater evils, and the removal of these greater evils justifies war, and even rebellion. According to this view, three conditions must be present in order to justify rebellion against a government: The government must have failed in its essential duties with the result that the people are under a tyranny or in a state of anarchy; constitutional means of remedying the evils must have failed; and, finally, there must be the hope of success.

From time immemorial, it has been the view of upright Christian men that there are certain things more valuable than life itself, and in defense of them not only are they willing to take up arms, but they consider it craven cowardice to refuse to do so. Some such things are liberty, religion, family, friends and country. Men

who are willing to brave suffering and death in war for such causes are not criminals but heroes.

When we read in our daily papers of the condemnation levelled at the Spaniards who have taken up arms to defend their religion and their country's traditions from a foe that would utterly uproot and destroy both, we wonder what opinion do these critics hold of the American patriots who rebelled against a régime that merely exacted taxation without representation. Perhaps these gentlemen would have us substitute condemnation for the praise that is now showered on the "Rebels" of the American Revolution in our American History text books.

Whatever be their opinion, we think that all who have a spark of courage in their hearts will continue to admire such figures as the Maccabees, Joan of Arc, George Washington, and others who have appealed to the sword to protect rights more precious than life.

• DAY by day occurrences in Germany make it increasingly evident that the Nazis have determined definitely and irrevocably on an anti-Christian policy. The only

The De-Christianization of Germany

variation to be noted is in the pace being pursued in suppressing all Catholic activities. As the Bishop of Berlin said recently: "The offensive against the Church is being carried through step by step but nonetheless systematically in order that its purpose, de-Christianization of our life, may not be recognized too soon."

While everything Catholic is anathema to the Nazis, all honor and liberty of action are granted to proponents of a German pagan religion such as Ludendorff and Rosenberg, author of the notoriously anti-Christian *Myth of the Twentieth Century*. The religious ideas of both these pagan high priests are hardly a step removed from the idiotic, but they find favor with those in power. The honors conferred on Rosenberg at the recent congress at Nuremberg are proof of this.

If the intellectual standards of the Nazis are to be judged by Rosenberg's *Myth of the Twentieth Century*, which they have adopted as their sacred book, then they are low indeed. Referring to a refutation of Rosenberg's masterpiece which appeared in Germany several years ago, George N. Shuster writes: "Imagine a group of Princeton professors obliged to refute in all seriousness charges that George Washington was in the pay of the Czar of Russia, that Robert E. Lee lost the battle of Gettysburg because he spent the whole time fiddling with wenches, and that Grover Cleveland was elected because the American people venerated men afflicted with paresis."

And this does not compare with the farrago of nonsense produced by the senile mind of Ludendorff and his apparently mentally unbalanced wife. As the author we quoted above says, the Union which this General founded was "designed to provide a sounding-board for the pantheistic-patriotic extravaganzas which Frau Mathilda Ludendorff deduced largely from a crystal and a library of scatterbrained rosicrucian and theosophic books. . . . I consider Frau Ludendorff an extraordinarily typical representative of the chaotic mentality induced in many Germans by the especial feminine suffering incident to the War. A large number of semi-educated women ran utterly amuck in a welter of fancies they imagined were derived from Indian, Greek and Teutonic sources."

German religious and intellectual life have indeed fallen upon unhappy days.



Nationalist armies and civil population attending Mass in the open air at the Northern Front

Journal of a War Correspondent

"My Side of Hell" Is What the Author Calls This Account of Her Experiences While Reporting at the Front with Franco's Armies

By NENA BELMONTE

"DUCK! That one is coming here!"

I was lighting a cigarette—just looked up in surprise at the sharp command. All around me I saw people dropping on the ground—flat on their stomachs, arms covering their heads.

"Duck!" someone yelled again at me. And I obeyed. Down I went. The piercing whistle suddenly stopped. Then, an instant of silence, and finally—oh, God, what a terrifying noise! The earth shook all around me; stones, mud, wood fell over me.

When the noise died down I got up. There was a huge hole; two or three of the people I had been talking to a few moments before were still on the ground. I approached one of them. A tiny streak of blood oozed from his mouth. Ugly wounds in his head—shrapnel. An enemy shell had exploded right near us. I could still tell the story—but for how long? War—war in all its horror! Life is cheap in war. And I was there to record it—record every one of its moments—moments of happiness, moments of tragedy, moments of victory, of death, of life . . . !

Tough life, that of a war corre-

spondent, but so interesting, so utterly fascinating . . . !

The Nationalist Armies were on their way to Malaga—"Red Paradise"—as the enemy called it; "Malaga the Beautiful," as our soldiers described it. Fierce battling all the way—tanks, airplanes, field guns, machine guns, rifles. And, all the time, the flag ahead—the red and yellow colors waving proud and victorious over liberated ground.

Every day we faced the same spectacle—our infantry advancing, supported by artillery fire. A village ahead. The enemy entrenched in it; every house a fortress; every stone a parapet. Suddenly resistance would weaken—the enemy fled before us and the village offered itself to the mercy of the conquerors.

What a spectacle we would find—houses burned, only the walls standing; dirt in the streets, all over; and most horrible of all, the corpses of murdered citizens. That young fifteen-year-old shepherd—a shot through his head; that poor five-year-old girl—horror in her face, clothes torn apart, violated, then smashed against a stone wall. This,

I felt, wasn't war. This was crime, wholesale murder—the type of killing for which people are hanged in all civilized countries.

The first time I was faced with this gruesome aspect of Red treatment of their foes, I thought I would faint. And then, day after day of seeing the same thing numbed my nerves. It wasn't any one man's madness—it was a given order: "Fight to the last, but if you must give up, destroy, kill . . . !

Our armies entered Malaga without firing a shot. The whole thing seemed more like a military parade than a conquest of war. Flags, flags all over! People cheering enthusiastically—tears, emotion. . . . I'll never forget the picture of that woman—young, dressed in black, arm raised in salute, tears rolling down her sunken cheeks, while her trembling voice shouted: "Long live Spain!" I talked to her afterwards. And hers was the first story of horror I heard—the first of thousands. Eight members in her family—parents, husband, children—all dead! All had been murdered. Why? Because they weren't Communists!



Left: Woman with chair at Guernica. The chair was the only piece of property left her when the city was destroyed by the fleeing Reds

Below: Woman who crossed over from Red lines, arriving in Nationalist territory. She is evidently welcome

The spectacle of Malaga was something never to be forgotten. Entire streets burned—houses, stores, cafés, theatres, all gone! And in the midst of all this ruin, hungry people, little children asking for a piece of bread. They had enjoyed months of "Red Paradise," but they had almost died of starvation!

It wasn't safe in Malaga for the first three or four days. A number of Reds had stayed behind, and they didn't hesitate to take a shot at a passerby. That first night in Malaga was rather trying. Lights dim, eating at a little restaurant by the ocean side; or rather what was left of the restaurant. Fried fish, the day's catch, and, fortunately, a supply of good old Spanish wine.



A LITTLE mongrel wandered in. He was skin and bones. Reaching my table, he begged for food. All I could give him was fish—all there was. He ate with relish. Then he wagged his tail gratefully and went to sleep on my lap. When we finally left on our way to the hotel I took him along. My escort had his gun ready. It was rather straining, this walking in the dark, not knowing where danger might lie. All of a sudden a sharp shot; a bit of dust rose from the ground near us—a sniper using us as his target. We looked around, but saw nothing.

The next day, in broad daylight, Malaga offered a different aspect. Life was being quickly restored to normal. Street cars were working, streets were being cleaned; the conquering armies were leaving the city, already on their way to new battle-fields. Behind remained the second army—the army of organizers, of helpers, of justice.

It was then that I began to learn of all Malaga had endured. The cathedral turned practically into a brothel—eight thousand people murdered, murdered in the most hor-

rible ways. The wall of St. Raphael's Cemetery shaking on its foundations—the result of thousands of bullet impacts. Against that wall had been lined up thousands of innocent people; I still could see the stains of their blood; I still was faced with a number of their twisted bodies. At Camino Nuevo I was told of the days, not long past, when cars couldn't cross over it because of the number of corpses piled on it. That had been a favorite execution land; over it many a Malaga citizen had walked his last mile.

Here in the square a woman had been burned alive. In that street up there a father and his five-year-old son had been shot mercilessly. Before that wall eight women had faced a firing squad, arms open, kneeling on the ground while they shouted: "Long live Spain!"

An American couple, the Edward Nortons, who lived at their chalet at the Limonar Alto during the whole Red domination, recounted some of their experiences. "The Count de San Isidro, one of our best friends," they said, "was among

those first murdered. Together with his two sons he faced the firing squad. Just as they were about to be executed, the Count embraced his two sons and told his executioners: 'May God forgive you as I do!' And the young daughter of Leopoldo O'Donell, known all over Malaga as 'La Marquesita.' She, too, paid with her life for her name. One day she disappeared from her home. Next time we saw her, she was dead—a naked body among many others..."

I lost a number of my friends in Malaga—executed by the Red mobs. Naval officers—men young in age, enthusiastic in spirit. They all died saluting—all cheering their country to the last.

AT THE prison I was faced with Francisco Millan, one of Malaga's Red leaders we had captured. A man of fifty, honest-looking, a former bricklayer. He knelt before me and begged clemency—he who hadn't known how to be merciful. In his own words he told me how he had personally disposed of two hundred people and signed the death

sentence of another seventeen hundred. He told me about young Alcala del Olmo, who was thrown from a balcony to the mobs, who mutilated him. Millan told me about the priest whose eyes were pulled out by the Reds, and who was then shot in the back.

THIS wasn't war! This was crime, drunkenness, madness, fury. . . !

And then, the militiamen. I talked to about forty of them in the prison—of all ages, from sixteen to sixty. One girl told of how she enjoyed attending the wholesale executions—"fun when there were a hundred or so; boring if there were fewer. The way those people fell when the bullets hit them looked silly," she commented. And the other, a middle-aged woman, handsome, strong, still wearing her militiawoman's attire, boasted of her treatment of Nationalist prisoners. "I got rid of a few myself!" she proudly finished. And, finally, that little old lady—sixty at least, with snow-white hair—sulky and depressed now, who, in recounting her doings claimed that

her only fault had been to dance around the bodies of the executed by the light of torches.

Then there was that boy of about fifteen, who told me eagerly about the famous bus line known as the Club Humilladero. "First people were executed at St. Michael's Cemetery," he explained, "but since that was the cemetery of the rich it was considered too good for them. So executions were transferred to St. Raphael's Cemetery, the burial place of the poor. It was a bit far, however, for people to reach it on foot, so the bus line was created by an enterprising citizen. Fifteen cents fare each way—he made a fortune!"

Eight thousand people murdered—a city nearly destroyed; but worst of all the spectacle of hundreds of pregnant women. Married, single, widows—who cared? Who was the man? Nobody knew! Any one of one hundred thousand militiamen who had lived in the city. Love was cheap in Malaga's Red Paradise. Any woman could be had, whether she agreed or not. And often, to make things worse, the husband, or the

son, or the father, would be forced to witness the assault, before being executed himself.

There was an officer in our armies who reached Malaga to find his wife and daughter both pregnant. I certainly thought he would go crazy.

I spent five days in Malaga—five days in which I saw that city being restored to life. Food, law, order, peace—peace above all!

A final dash to the new front, miles beyond Malaga. Breathing pure air. Shells, bombs, bullets—death and life. But cleanliness, honesty, sincerity in the fight. And then on to Seville and from there to Salamanca and the Madrid front.

That trip from Malaga to Seville I shall never forget. At night, over mountain passes, still under enemy fire. Headlights being turned on and off. Stray bullets flying all around our car. How true it is that we don't die until our moment comes!

ALONG the road from Seville to Salamanca, it was hard to realize war was going on. Laborers at work in the cities; peasants at work in the fields—once a strong masculine voice singing a popular song of love: "God Who created us both," the song said, "can make me die. But as to stopping me from loving you—God could do it, because He's God." How different the words when uttered in Spanish:

"Dios que nos creó a los dos,
Podrá hacer que yo me muera
Pero hacer que no te quiera
Dios podría . . . porque es Dios."

At Salamanca the cathedral is a sixteenth-century marvel of art. Then there is the House of the Shells, standing since the fifteenth century, and the Roman bridge over the Tormes River.

Gaiety in the streets—huge, noisy crowds, cafés, theatres, bars. A small



Above: Nationalist soldiers at rest in their trench on the Madrid Front

Right: A Nationalist field gun in service on the Northern Front



reproduction of Paris. Soldiers, civilians—men, women, children. A distant roar. Airplanes returning from the battle-fields—their green and red lights standing out against the star-covered sky.

Living is cheap in Nationalist Spain. A hotel—the best—charges 30 pesetas a day for room with bath and three meals. A theatre ticket, 5 pesetas or fifty cents; a drink, one peseta or ten cents. Pastry shops are very popular. On arriving at Salamanca I walked into one of them. Two Moorish soldiers were there. One bowed and asked: "*Señorita, pastel?*" I understood him. He was offering me pastry. I accepted his kind invitation and ate the sweet. He insisted again: "*Señorita, pastel?*" I thanked him. One was enough. We parted. "*Viva España!*" was his farewell.

Opposite the cathedral is the Archbishop's palace, now General Franco's General Headquarters. Soldiers were on guard outside, and inside, right at the top of the magnificent marble staircase leading into the Generalissimo's offices, were two striking Moorish warriors. They looked like black, stone statues.

GENERAL Franco is a young man, only forty-three, charming, and with a vivid personality, beloved by all Nationalist Spaniards. Simple and unassuming, he is the lowest paid head of State the world over, his salary being only two thousand pesetas, or two hundred dollars a month—his regular income as a General. When he was told that as head of the Spanish State he should get more, he refused to take it. "Spain needs every cent," was his reply. "I can manage with what I have. Let the rest be used helping those who really need it."

General Franco told me some of his ideas: "The sacrifices Spain is making in order to save Western Civilization from Communism, as well as to save her own unity and power, allow us to demand everyone's respect and to talk freely to all nations. We have given powerful and definite reasons why all nations should recognize our belligerency according to established rules of international rights. We have waited for justice and reason to triumph over intrigue and hidden powers. Yet we see other countries refusing to admit the justice of our Cause and keeping silence on the criminal spirit which dictates life and action in Red Spain."

"Through statistics we have of the Red side, made from records found in conquered territory, and through information secured from

people who fled from there, we are in a position to affirm that the number of murdered persons in the Red zone is higher than four hundred thousand. The only people we place before firing squads are men guilty of crimes, or the leaders of the Red Revolution."

General Franco paused for a few moments, then he smiled and continued: "I hope the war will be over sooner than people think. Time is our ally. With every day that passes Nationalist Spain strengthens herself as a fully organized State with all kinds of resources. Our victory means the salvation of our country. We have refused to become a Soviet colony and we are fighting for the restoration of national unity broken by political sell-outs to treacherous separatists. Once the final victory is obtained we shall first attend to the wounds in the national body. And then will follow an era of well-being, of social justice, of syndical-corporative organization of the State, of the education of youth; in short we shall start a peaceful, constructive era in the nation's life."

"Nationalist Spain, in fighting for her own self, is fighting for the whole of humanity as well. The Spanish Civil War is deciding not only the salvation of our country as an independent nation, but also the salvation of Christian civilization, which has expressed itself historically in Europe throughout the centuries. And, finally, we are fighting for the social progress and justice of our laboring classes, thus sparing them the tyranny of Soviet rule."

General Franco then went into more details about the New Spain. He explained more fully the set-up for freedom, law, order, social justice, and better living conditions for the working classes.

Here was a man who understood the needs of the people—their right to live. And he not only understood; he brought about what the people wanted, what he had promised them. The rear guard of Nationalist Spain offered a magnificent spectacle of unity and work—all, rich and poor, made equal; all loving one another as true brothers; all co-operating for the success of a common aim—Spain, one, great and free!

WALKING in the moonlight, a soldier approached me. "Mind if I talk to you?" he said. "I just left the hospital. A bullet in my chest. It's so long since I've talked to a woman!" Poor little soldier of Spain! We talked—talked for hours, of his mother, his home, his sweetheart, his plans and dreams for the time when the war would be over. There

were tears in his eyes when we parted, and he said: "Thanks, thanks for listening to the talking of a son of Spain."

Later, at the hotel, a soldier tightly embraced his weeping mother while saying to her: "Don't worry, mother. Nothing can happen to me. The bullet to get your son hasn't been manufactured yet." It was only a few weeks later, at Madrid's front, in University City, I saw this same boy, a tiny hole right over his heart, his lips parted in a smile, peace in his expression. He had given for Spain what human beings price above all things—his life.

The drive down to the Madrid front was one of indescribable beauty. Avila, with its walls and towers, looked like a ghost of the past. And before Avila, the little village of Alba de Tormes. I was there in the early morning hours. I heard the roar of airplane motors, and looking up I saw them. Three huge mechanical birds bringing a message of death. Lying flat in the gutter, arms covering my head, I heard the bombs explode. One right after another—sixteen of them.

WHAT a spectacle of horror! Here the corpse of a Guard, his head and arms blown off. There those of two children; near to them the wounded bodies of their three brothers, the youngest a month old—his face bloody and torn by shrapnel. Looking at this tragic picture was their father, his fists clenched, his face turned toward the sky, muttering in a hoarse whisper: "You murderers! I believed in you and now you kill my children!" He was the former Communist leader in the village.

Further on, a small house. In it a mattress soaked with blood, and on the mattress a young-looking woman. A girl of ten or eleven stood by. She kept her eyes fixed on the poor mangled corpse. "Your . . . mother?" I asked the child. She looked up at me with her big, black eyes: "Yes, my mother," she replied in a quiet voice. "She's gone to heaven with the angels." "How do you know?" "Because she told me before leaving." With an effort I restrained the tears that came to my eyes. I knelt and said a prayer for that woman, who in dying gave her child words of consolation which would not awaken hate, but forgiveness.

Editor's Note: Miss Belmonte's account of her experiences as a reporter at the Nationalist Front in Spain will be concluded next month. Her journal casts a lurid light on the deliberate horrors of Red warfare.

Wages For The Unemployed

A Discussion of Unemployment Insurance—What It Is, How It Works in Actual Practice, and In What Manner It May Be Improved

By LAWRENCE LUCEY

Unemployment Compensation

HERE'S good news for millions of wage-earners. Be they butchers, bakers or candlestick makers they no longer need to have nightmares and day worries about what they will do when they lose their jobs. Unemployment no longer means no more pay-days. Many workers who lose their jobs will receive a weekly wage while they are unemployed. Every State in the union, the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska have enacted an unemployment compensation law, but so far benefits have only been paid to the unemployed of Wisconsin, as the law must be in effect for two years before those who lose their jobs can be compensated.

Neils B. Ruud is not the name of someone who came up for discussion on the porches of the summer boarding houses, yet his name will be found in the histories that record the important happenings of the 1930's. On August 17, 1936, Neils B. Ruud was mailed a check for fifteen dollars by the unemployment insurance board of Wisconsin. He had been employed as an engraver by a plant in Madison, Wisconsin, and because he lost this job he received a check for fifteen dollars as his weekly unemployment benefit. Ruud's bid for fame rests on the fact that he was the first wage-earner in the United States to be paid a benefit under the unemployment insurance laws.

From August 17, 1936, to the first of August, 1937, the unemployment insurance board of Wisconsin issued over 180,000 checks to its insured workers who were without a job. These unemployment compensation checks totaled \$1,080,000 and were received by 52,000 workers who had lost their jobs. At the beginning of last August there was over twenty-five million dollars in Wisconsin's reserve account for unemployment insurance. About 450,000 of Wisconsin's wage-earners are insured against unemployment and if they lose their jobs they will receive a weekly wage of between five and fifteen dollars per week while they are out of work. Wisconsin, the home

of the progressive La Follette family, is the pioneer of unemployment compensation in the United States.

Beginning next January employees in twenty-one other States—New York, Alabama, California, Louisiana, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Oregon, Arizona, Connecticut, Idaho, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, North Carolina, Rhode Island, Utah, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, West Virginia and the District of Columbia who lose their jobs will continue receiving a weekly wage. These unemployed workers will not join the relief rolls, they will not be hired by the WPA, and they will not receive a charitable handout or dole in any shape or form. They are to be paid a weekly wage because it rightfully belongs to them.

Insured workers are the beneficiaries of an unemployment insurance policy, and a few weeks after they lose their jobs they will begin receiving weekly payments. They are entitled to this weekly wage just as those who belong to a three-cents-a-day hospital plan are entitled to free hospitalization when they become sick. There is no aroma of charity, however slight, clinging to unemployment compensation; it is pure justice—social justice.

Any May Benefit

NO MATTER how wealthy a person may be, he has a right to apply for benefits when he loses his job. Applicants for these weekly payments are not required to take a pauper's oath or pass a means test; they may be as wealthy as Croesus, Midas, Dupont and Rockefeller—they may even have enough money to sail a yacht in the cup races off Newport—and if they are covered by the unemployment insurance law of their State and lose their job they will participate in these benefits.

Unemployment compensation, which has worked so well in England since 1911 despite the worst depression Britain ever experienced, is now part of the law of the United States. More than that, the Supreme Court has held that it is authorized by the Constitution.

Here's how unemployment com-

penensation works. Suppose Willie Williams, a stock broker's clerk in Wall Street, loses his job next January. The morning after Willie loses his job he will visit the New York State employment service office and register. He will tell this office the name of the firm for which he had worked, the reason why he lost his job, how much he was paid by this firm, and how long he had been employed by this stock-broker.

Let us say that Willie was earning thirty dollars per week. And let us say that he had been working for two years for this concern.

How It Works

AFTER registering with the employment office Willie then spends his days in looking for work. And while he is searching for a job the employment service office is doing what it can to obtain work for him. But after hunting for three weeks neither Willie nor the employment service office is able to find work.

Now after having waited for three weeks Willie will begin receiving a weekly wage from the unemployment insurance office. He will be paid fifteen dollars each week. He will continue receiving this wage for sixteen weeks if he remains unemployed that long. Of course, as soon as Willie finds a job these payments stop.

While looking for a job Willie is not placed at the mercy of every employer who comes along. He will not lose his weekly payment if he refuses to work in a sweatshop for ten or fifteen dollars per week. Unless his training and experience qualify him for a position he need not accept it. He need not take a job in which he would have to join a company union. Nor need he accept work in a concern that bars unions. He does not have to become a scab and take a job which is open because its former holder is on strike or has been locked out. Nor need Willie accept work that would require him to travel much farther than a reasonable distance from his home.

Willie can be a bit choosy about what work he will accept. Formerly

when Willie lost his job he jumped at the first offer that was made to him. He knew that if he didn't accept this offer he might not eat regularly. With an income of fifteen dollars per week he can afford to be a bit more independent. Fifteen dollars is not a large wage but it is infinitely better than nothing. Willie needs more than fifteen dollars to live comfortably, but until he is able to get a new job this wage will keep his chin up and his stomach full. Of course, he also realizes that if he were paid much more he might not bother looking for work and be content with his weekly unemployment benefit.

If Willie is discharged dishonorably on account of some misconduct on his part in connection with his work, he is penalized. Instead of re-

week job will get only ten dollars as a weekly payment from the unemployment insurance fund. The amount of these weekly payments varies between a maximum of fifteen and a minimum of seven dollars per week. A worker will receive one-half of the weekly wage he had received in his last job, but no matter how high his former wage was he will not be paid more than fifteen dollars per week, and no matter how low his wage was, unless he was employed at part-time work, his weekly payment will not be less than seven dollars per week.

This seven dollar per week minimum will be a great help to those people who are forced to work for a wage between six and twelve dollars per week—there are a great many such people. These workers will

four quarters of 1937. Unemployment compensation will not benefit the ten million people who have been out of work since the advent of the depression.

Duration of Payment

MANY on becoming unemployed will not receive benefits for sixteen weeks as Willie Williams would. Sixteen weeks is the maximum period for which one can receive benefits in New York during one year. The length of time for which one is entitled to benefits is determined by dividing the total wages of an employee during the year before he applied for benefits by six, and then dividing this amount by the weekly benefit. If an employee only worked for nine months in 1937 at a wage of twenty



A waiting line of homeless and unemployed show in their faces the gloom and despair that come with loss of work

ceiving weekly payments from the unemployment fund after waiting three weeks he must wait ten weeks. Likewise if Willie loses his job because of a strike, lockout or some other industrial dispute he also must wait ten weeks before he will receive benefits. And if he were dishonest in registering with the unemployment insurance office, if he were to register as out of work a week or two before he lost his job, or said that he was earning thirty dollars per week when he only made twenty, he would have to wait ten weeks.

Amount Received

EVERYONE out of work in New York next January will not be as fortunate as Willie Williams. A worker who loses a twenty dollars per

realize that they will get seven dollars per week for four months of unemployment, or almost as much as they are paid for working. These employees will welcome this opportunity; some will quit their jobs and look for work that pays more money. This minimum benefit of seven dollars will in time make employers raise the wages of their low paid workers.

Then there will be a great many people unemployed in New York next January who, unlike Willie Williams, had been out of work for six months or longer before the first of January 1938. None of these unemployed will be paid a weekly benefit. The unemployment compensation law could include within its scope only those who had been working in three of the

dollars per week and earned a total of seven-hundred and twenty dollars, his total benefits could not exceed one-hundred and twenty dollars. He would receive ten dollars per week, but for only twelve weeks.

While Willie Williams was working as a stock broker's clerk in 1936 and 1937 his employer was paying a tax for unemployment compensation. Some employers in New York did not pay this tax, for the law said that they were exempt. The employees who worked for these exempt concerns will not receive unemployment compensation if they lose their jobs.

The following employers have not contributed to the unemployment insurance fund of New York and their employees will not receive unemployment compensation:

- (1) Employers of farm workers.
- (2) Employers of fewer than four workers.
- (3) Employers who did not hire workers for at least fifteen days in the year.
- (4) All the branches of the Federal, State, county and municipal governments, including national banks.
- (5) All employers engaged in a non-profit-making business for a religious, charitable, scientific, literary or educational purpose, provided no part of the net earnings of this business is paid to an individual as profits.
- (6) Employers who do not pay a State tax for their employees who earn more than three thousand dollars per year.

These exemptions under the New

ceive unemployment compensation.

Then there is a large group of workers who were over sixty-one years of age on January 1st, 1937. These workers will not receive a pension when they become sixty-five. It is impossible for them to work for five years before becoming sixty-five and, as a consequence, they are ineligible for a pension. But these aged workers will receive unemployment compensation if their employers paid these taxes.

And the fact that one will receive a pension at sixty-five is not a certain sign that this worker will obtain unemployment compensation. The owner of a small grocery store who employs three clerks is exempt from taxes for unemployment compensation in New York. But he and his employees are paying the Federal

ters, and thought that a Federal bureaucracy that towered over the States would be a bad thing for the nation, have been suggesting ways in which the Federal government and the States could co-operate so that the rights of the States would not be whittled away until these governments became impotent. In deference to this belief the unemployment compensation law will be administered by the States.

Federal and State Taxes

IN ORDER to use something more persuasive than words to get the States to enact unemployment insurance laws, the authors of the Social Security Act devised a tricky method of taxation. In effect this tax scheme said to the States:

"The Federal government is going



In contrast with the picture at the left these men waiting work on the night shift reflect their contentment in their faces

York law should not be confused with the employers exempt from the pension plan or the Federal unemployment compensation clause of the Social Security Act. The fact an employee will not receive a pension when he becomes sixty-five does not automatically exclude him from unemployment benefits. The New York law differs from both the pension plan and the unemployment insurance phases of the Social Security Act in its exemptions.

Some Not Eligible

FOR example, a cook employed in a home is not eligible for a pension, but if there are three other domestics working in this home, say a chauffeur, butler and maid, the cook and the three others will re-

pension tax, and when the clerks become sixty-five they will receive a pension. But on becoming unemployed they cannot obtain benefits. They work for an employer with fewer than four workers.

It would be well to remember that though the pension plan and unemployment compensation are both a part of the Social Security Act they are two entirely different subjects. The taxes for each of these purposes are separate and distinct. Unemployment insurance taxes have been in effect since 1936 while the pension taxes did not begin till 1937.

For many years, particularly since the beginning of Roosevelt's national schemes, those who feared that the Federal government was growing too strong, especially in economic mat-

to collect taxes from employers in your territory, and there is only one way for you to get this money back. You must enact an unemployment compensation law that will live up to the broad outline established by the Federal government. If you do not enact an unemployment insurance law the Federal government will keep this money obtained from taxes levied on the pay rolls of employers in your territory and not return a penny of it to you. Further, if your State delays in enacting an unemployment compensation law the Federal government will collect taxes during this time and not return any of this money."

This pocketbook persuasion was most effective. Before the Social Security Act came up for discussion in

Congress only Wisconsin had enacted an unemployment insurance law, but payments were not made to the unemployed under this law until August 17, 1936. Four States, New York, California, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, enacted unemployment insurance laws while the Social Security Act was being discussed in Congress. These States all adopted laws to conform with and in anticipation of the Social Security Act. All the remainder of the States, the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska, have now joined the pioneer State, Wisconsin, in the field of unemployment insurance. In less than two years fifty legislative bodies were persuaded to adopt unemployment compensation laws by the Federal tax on pay rolls.

The financial set-up of the Federal-State unemployment compensation laws is an intricate affair. The Federal tax, which next year will amount to three per cent of the pay roll of an employer and is now two per cent, will remain in effect after a State enacts its law for unemployment compensation. But an employer who pays a State tax is permitted to deduct this from his Federal tax. However, no employer can deduct more than ninety per cent from his Federal tax. In States such as New York, where the State tax will be three per cent next year, the employer must pay his three per cent tax to the State and then pay ten per cent of three per cent to the Federal government.

Tax Assessment

IN PRACTICE taxes for unemployment compensation work like this: returning to Willie Williams and his thirty dollar per week wage it will be found that his employer is assessed accordingly: The New York State tax of 1% for 1936 is \$.30; of 2% for 1937 is \$.60; and of 3% for 1938 is \$.90. The Federal tax of .1% for 1936 is \$.03; of .2% for 1937 is \$.06; and of .3% for 1938 is \$.09. The total tax, therefore, would be \$.33 for 1936; \$.66 for 1937; and \$.99 for 1938.

In New York it now costs an employer sixty-six cents per week to pay unemployment compensation taxes for a worker earning thirty dollars per week. For next year and the following years it will cost ninety-nine cents per week. Other States have different rates of taxation but they do not vary greatly from the New York system.

In New York close to thirty-three million dollars was collected in 1936 for the unemployment trust fund. With the rate rising to two per cent in 1937 it is expected that sixty-

seven million dollars will be collected during this year. And in 1938, when the three per cent levy on pay rolls begins, the yearly State tax will amount to about one hundred million dollars. When all fifty-one of the States', territories' and District of Columbia's taxes are fully operative, about nine hundred million dollars will be collected each year for the unemployment trust fund.

Federal Profit

Now the taxes collected by the Federal government for unemployment compensation are not placed in any fund or allocated in any way; they are paid into the treasury in the same manner as are other taxes. From 1938 onward the Federal government will collect about ninety million dollars annually from this three-tenths per cent tax on pay rolls. However, the Federal government will appropriate only forty-nine million dollars each year for unemployment compensation. The Federal government will make a profit of about forty-one million dollars each year on this tax.

This annual appropriation is to be divided up and turned over to the States for the purpose of paying the cost of administering their unemployment insurance law. The salaries of workers on State unemployment insurance boards and office rent are to be paid by this grant to the States from the Federal government. But the unemployed are not to be paid their benefits out of this grant.

Benefits to the unemployed are to be paid out of the taxes collected by the State. After receiving the tax for unemployment compensation a State is not permitted to hold this money; it must be turned over to the Federal government where it is deposited to the account of the State in the unemployment trust fund. The Secretary of the Treasury is then authorized to invest as much of this fund as he believes is not needed to meet current expenses. However, he may only invest this money in interest-bearing bonds of the United States or in obligations guaranteed as to both principal and interest by the United States. To obtain funds to pay its unemployment benefits a State must requisition the Secretary of the Treasury for the amount needed, and he will send this money to the State. But a State cannot withdraw a greater amount than it has on deposit with the unemployment trust fund.

Of course the unemployment compensation laws, all fifty-two of them, are an open target for the critic. They are still in the experimental

stage and will be altered and improved as their weak points are discovered. Both Wisconsin and New York have amended their laws.

Many tax-dodging employers have already found loopholes in the unemployment compensation law which let them out. Some workers will become chiselers and receive benefits when they are not entitled to them. And some deserving employees whose work takes them from State to State a few times each year will be excluded from benefits. It is far from a perfect law.

A sharp flaw in the law has been unearthed in New York. In taxing the wage paid to an employee the Federal government set no limit on the amount of the salary that would be taxed. If an employee is paid a thousand dollars per week, as are some radio entertainers, his employer will be taxed three per cent of this thousand dollars beginning in 1938, and he is presently taxed two per cent. For the old-age pension fund such a wage is only taxed on the first sixty dollars per week—the remainder of the wage is not assessed no matter how high it may go above sixty dollars.

Improvements Needed

Now New York State does not tax the wage of one who earns more than three thousand dollars per year. No State tax whatsoever is levied on such a salary for unemployment insurance. And such an employee will not receive compensation if he loses his job.

This difference between the Federal and State tax results in an awkward situation. The employer of a man earning a thousand dollars per week is paying two per cent, next year three per cent, of this salary to the Federal government. And since no State tax is paid nothing can be deducted from the Federal tax. Such an employee whose salary is so highly taxed for unemployment compensation will not receive a penny in benefits if he loses his job. His employer has not contributed to the State fund and as a consequence he cannot be compensated by the State. The Federal fund to which his employer has contributed is not to be used to pay benefits to the unemployed; it is to be used to meet the expenses of administering the State boards.

Unemployment insurance is not perfect but it can be perfected. It can become a well-padded cushion that will take a lot of the sting out of unemployment. It is a vast improvement over home relief and the tragic comedy of boondoggling. It needs to be and will be amended.

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The Ship That Would Not Die

By FRANCIS H. SIBSON

THE only "ship's business" that evening, I remember, was a telegram of welcome to a newly arrived Commander-in-Chief at Simonstown, sent during the week by the Master, and now put before the Brethren, with the Admiral's pleasantly courteous reply, for information and approval. Indeed, his answer was so decent that someone suggested making him an Honorary Brother while he was on the Africa Station, and we had a little discussion about it, but the general opinion was that it would be better not to break our rule.

We are men of the sea whom the sea has done with for good. Our little "ship's company" of Sea-Brethren was founded to take away some of the lonely emptiness that comes over our kind when we find ourselves cast away "on the beach," as the Navy calls it, just a few isolated nobodies in a crowd of strangers who have never been nearer the sea and all that it means to us, than the promenade-deck of a passenger-liner—and how far away that is there are some of us who could tell you.

When we "come aboard" again for our monthly reunions under the red and green glow of our lights—and the ringing ritual that old Dixon wrote for us has given those copper navigation side-lights a deep symbolic meaning and a soul—well, we're at home again. And what that means to us, no one who is still serving the sea, let alone a landsman, can expect to understand. Ten years ago I, Frank Rundle, late of Furness Withy and the R.N.R., and now Scribe and Chronicler to the Brethren, would never have understood it myself. If anyone had told

me, back there in the middle of a cold wet watch on the bridge in half a gale of sleet, say at about two A.M., that one day I'd be hankering after the sea and ships again, I'd have been rude. None of us ever knows his luck till he's lost it. There's something about the sea and the ordered ship life, but most of all the sea-comradeship, that one misses rather badly afterwards.

No; the Admiral wouldn't have understood. He still had his luck. . . .

We had an unusually good muster that night. There was the Master, of course—at that time Winstone was Master; Winstone of the old Garthwaite Line, one of the last captains of sail, whose career had ended typically enough, hitting a miserable chunk of growler-ice somewhere around the longitude of the Crozets, running down his Easting for Australia. Not his fault—he was well north of the usual ice-limit, and you can't see growler-ice till you're atop of it, and you can't handle a four-master barque like a twin-screw steamer—but there were no more berths going in sail, and he was too old and set in his ways to change over to steam, so there it was. A providential whale-catcher had picked him and his crowd out of their half-frozen boats.

Then there was Trench, late of the Q-ships, coming as usual with Hurst, once second mate of a tramp and now helping Trench sell cars in Pretoria; and there was Mallett, Hurst's old captain, who met him again Between the Lights after thinking for years that he was dead; and Corder of the Antarctic—Corder who had kept a geological survey-party of six

men alive and sane for five months in a hole in the snow, because the ship that should have come before the winter-freeze-up to take them back to the Expedition's main headquarters had been stopped by pack-ice.

Schwerner, formerly of the Hamburg-Amerika—there are no frontiers on the sea—had motored in from Iscor. And Walsham was there, late of the Union-Castle, and Maynard of the Cunard, and a South Sea diver who's a rigger now on a mine, and an ex-Navy Chief Petty Officer whose first sea-going ship had been a sister to the *Calliope*, of Apia Harbor fame ("Down funnel, up screw!" he said, was always the first order in the Navy of those days as soon as they were clear of breakwaters); and an old Hollander deep-sea tug-skipper (the Hollanders have always been particularly good at ocean towing); and an ancient Arctic harpioneer who should have been dead ten years ago but looked good for another ten the last time I saw him; and—oh, we'd just about every kind of sailor from every kind of ship that has sailed any of the Seven Seas in the past half-century and more, and at that time we'd hardly more than started to gather them in.

THE YARN of the evening was told by a fellow who had been a stoker in the *Titan*, and took us in spirit right down among the labyrinthine bulkheads and bunkers and boilers and tank-tops of an ocean leviathan—in the final hour before she'd taken a thousand people to the bottom of the North Atlantic. He

told us about his officers, going about their work down amidst the steam and ashes—a sulphurous epic, the sort of epic the papers rarely print, for the engineers die mostly out of sight when a ship like that goes down, and mostly too technically for the newspaper reader to follow why and how. Briggs would have died with them, but when a bulkhead carried away and they saw a wall of foaming black water coming at them up an alleyway between the boilers, one of them had ordered him out of it, and he'd gone, thinking they followed. But he never saw any of them again.

He gave us a vision of a floating city's death, with people caught and choked in hundreds in the city's narrow, covered streets and houses, people floating dead in their lifebelts afterwards, so thick that the boats could not get through them to where he himself floated on a bit of a wooden companionway, people killed by the cold before ever they had time to drown—people who had refused to believe she was really sinking, people who could not be got into the insufficient boats, people who had clung to their lighted, luxurious city to the last, fearing those little boats and the vast cold darkness of the sea . . .

FOR A WHILE after he had finished we were silent with our thoughts. Most were remembering friends who had gone with their ships, some of them to deaths unknown, before there was wireless to bring other ships to save, or at least to tell the world what had happened, and send out a last goodbye before the doomed went lonely down.

Then:

"I once knew a ship," said Maynard, in the throaty voice of one who has been long silent, and speaks now as if without volition, "that wouldn't die."

"Some ships do make a fight for it. You'd think they knew," put in Trench. His own disguised tramp had help up for seven hours with two huge torpedo-holes in her, waiting to get a shot in at the submarine that had fired them, so none of us smiled at his thought. We would most of us like to believe that ships have souls, but it's just a fond fancy at the most. Yet . . .

"This ship knew all right," said Maynard. "What do the lawyers call it? *Mens rea*? Intent to kill? They'd hang a man on less evidence than there was against the *Holmfeld*."

"But I thought it was the *ship*," said a puzzled somebody, "that was—killed."

"So she was. Murdered, and for

money too. But the murderer bungled it . . . and she took a long time to die."

For some reason I looked at the Hollander tug-skipper. He was leaning forward a little over the table, and his lips were moving, as though he repeated a name. Then he nodded, as if some memory had returned, and sat back again, fiddling with his pipe.

"An old ship—one of the good old iron ships—it all happened rather a time ago," went on Maynard. "I was senior apprentice in her. That'll show how long ago it was. I'd joined her in Hartlepool. She belonged to one of those miserable little mushroom lines that kept springing up all round the coast in those days, owned by the usual Skinfint, Stiggins & Co.—but I needn't go into all the ugly details. It was just the ordinary insurance racket. We were bound for Callao with coke, and it was given out that the owners were trying to horn in on the nitrate trade for a return cargo. I knew afterwards, of course, that they weren't worrying about any return cargo at all, except from the underwriters.

"I'm not going to give you the captain's name. It's been disgraced enough, and there's a brother still living, a splendid fellow."

"He chose what he thought was a devil-sent chance for it, not far off the coast of Brazil, in the best of fine weather, with nothing more than a light wind from the sou'-east, one of those winds you get around there between winter and early spring. The final touch was a home-bound sailing-ship, her fore-royals just coming up over the horizon ahead, all handy to take us off.

IT WAS beautifully staged. The Chief must have been in it too. First a leak under the tank-tops in the stokehold—some hokey-pokey with the pump-lines or the seacocks, I suppose, but I'm no engineer. It gradually got worse, all in the most lifelike way, and there was a clever semblance of an anxious, long-drawn fight for her life, with the captain pacing about on his bridge, biting his lips, and the Chief sending messages up every now and then to say how it was going. The sailing-ship came up and spoke us, and the captain—I will *not* call him the Old Man, too good for him—signalled back that we had a leak but he thought we could keep it under. That would be about three in the afternoon. The sailing-ship stood by us as he'd known she would—a three-masted barque full of the nitrates we were supposed to be after.

"And then—well, you know those Brazilian pamperos? They come up smack from the sou'-west and thereabouts, no warning at all—unless you've been watching the glass. And he hadn't been. I suppose he'd had other things to think about.

"The first inkling we got was seeing the barque shortening sail in a hurry. Up to then she'd been standing off and on with most of her canvas still on her—with that light sou'-easter she'd needed it to keep under proper command, fricking about around us. Now she was trying to furl everything at once. What with watching us, her skipper had been caught napping too. But he wasn't caught napping as we were. He did have a sound ship under him.

HE WAS snugged down all but his spanker when the wind hit—but he was four miles from us, and we were well down in the sea by then, much too late to put off the scuttling for another day. In that shape she hadn't a chance—at least, no one would ever have thought so—and he had to go through with it now, whether he liked it or not.

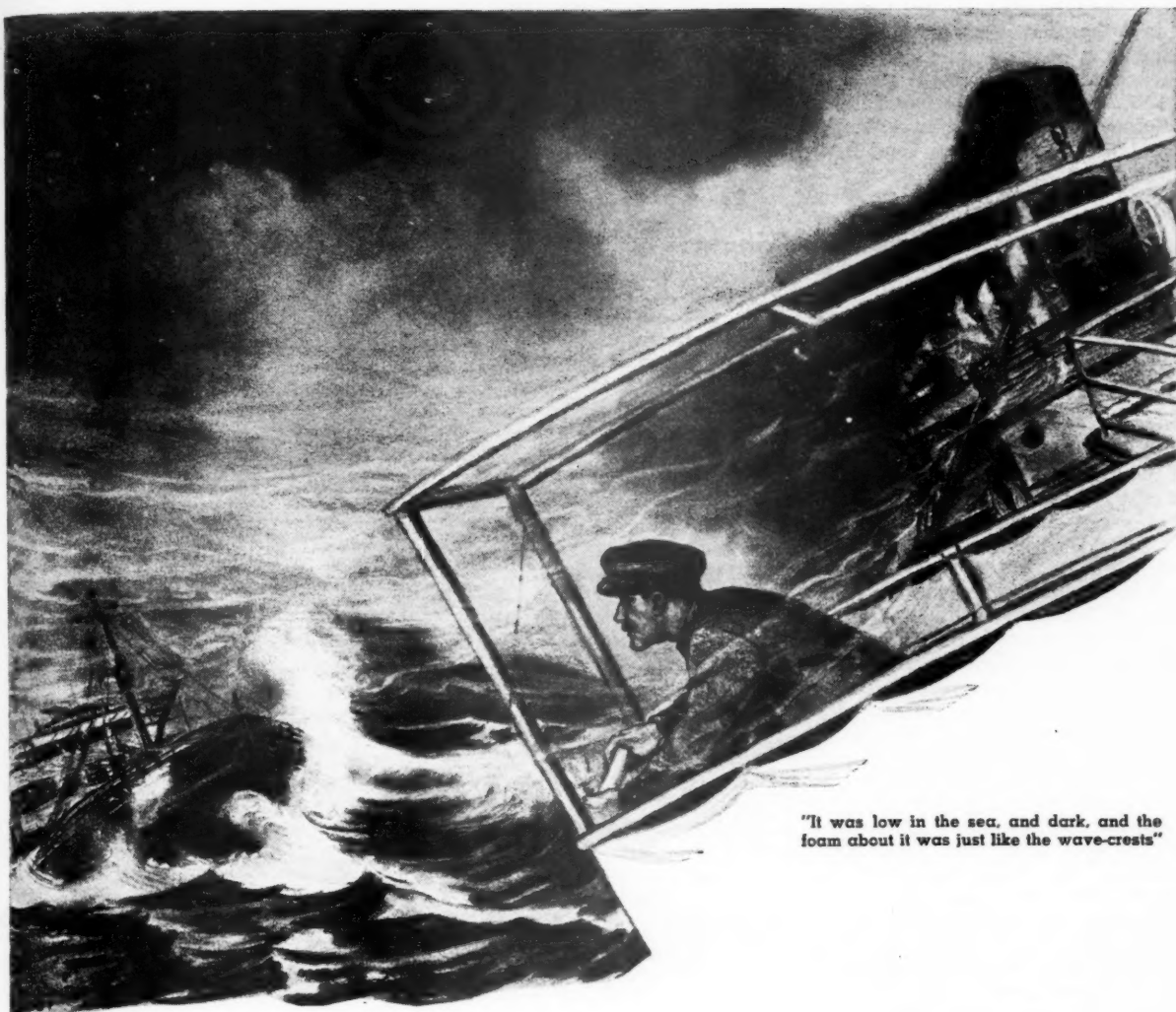
"He didn't like it. Even I could see that. And he should have been the last to leave her, but he wasn't. He left her in a panic, with the Chief and several of the firemen still below. He couldn't even keep faith with his own confederate. The Chief was never seen again.

"One of the boats was never seen again either—the mate's, and he was a good chap, gave me my real grounding in navigation and stowage. He had a wife and baby back home.

"It was a wonder any of us were picked up. The sailing-ship had the devil's own job to get anywhere near us in that pampero. Our boats simply blew away down-wind like dead leaves, spite of anything we could do with the oars. Most of us were bailing, for the things leaked like baskets. And there was the dark coming down as well. An awful night, that was.

"She didn't find the last boat till daylight; and in spite of her Old Man's splendid seamanship she never found the mate's boat at all, as I said. Perhaps it had filled and capsized during the night.

"The barque took us back home, the owners got their insurance, and our captain lied his way through the Inquiry, got away with nothing worse than an endorsed ticket, collected his Judas-money—and disappeared. He couldn't get another ship, I reckon—some queer tales were floating round already—or perhaps he was trying to run away from the



"It was low in the sea, and dark, and the foam about it was just like the wave-crests"

memory of himself, the memory of what he'd done. Men do that sometimes. Pretty useless, I should think."

"In the days you're talking of," put in the ex-Navy C.P.O., "you'd find 'em scattered all up and down both coasts of Central and South America. You could pick 'em out by their eyes."

"I know," said old Dixon slowly, half in a dream. "Wait! William McFee. . . . Yes. . . . He writes of them. . . . 'What manner of men are they who have seen the splendor of the stars and the eternal sea, and yet live lives that are wholly false?'"

From his lips it sounded as solemn as an excommunication.

"Go on, Maynard," prompted the Master, after a pause.

"I didn't hear of him again till some time later—in Peru, to be exact. I'll admit I was keeping my eyes open. I was remembering the mate, you see. No—it wasn't any childish idea of avenging him. I was just—watching. I've an idea these things

work themselves out sooner or later. What a man sows . . . you know. I wasn't interfering in that. . . .

"For myself, I'd struck luck—got into the Cunard, and stayed with the Cunard all my sea-time after that. That meant I was running on rails, of course, criss-crossing the Western Ocean, never getting south of the Line again till I came out here to retire. But I heard of him down south there, in the Peruvian Navy.

"Don't ask me how he'd got in, though I don't suppose it would be hard. There were quite a few Englishmen with commissions in those South American fleets in those days, and they saw a good bit of service too. It was on service that I heard of him—in command of a Thornycroft torpedo-boat, making a name for himself in one of their revolutions. It was a different name—he'd changed it—but I knew the man at once from what was said of him."

"Yes," said Schwerner hesitantly. "I think I also heard of him, when

I was on one of our South American subsidiary routes. A big man, too much flesh, a fat white face. There was a story about his way with prisoners. It was not a good story."

"Yes, I know that story too. A Government transport, with some women aboard . . . but we'll leave him, for the present. It's the *Holmfeld* I'm telling you about.

"When the Chief knew what was coming—and maybe he had no idea till he felt her reeling in the wind—he must have shut down his sea-cocks, or whatever they were, and tried to get her in shape again to fight it. I often think of that—him and his stokers, working at the fires and pumps, trying to kick the water out of her again—perhaps not even knowing, at first, that we'd left her. Then they'd found out, and come up on deck—to see the davits bare except for the dinghy, and the sea rising like hell, and the barque trying to stand down to our boats, scattering there downwind, and no

one even looking at the *Holmfeld*. As I figure it, they must have left her then in the dinghy, and tried to reach the barque. They never did. And they'd never get back to the *Holmfeld*, not against that pampéro. And they wouldn't last long in the dinghy.

"So there was the *Holmfeld*, half full of water but with no more coming into her, adrift in the South Atlantic with everyone thinking her sunk."

"Wait a minute," put in the Master. "How do you know the Chief had closed the sea-cocks?"

"Because he simply must have. Because she didn't sink. Because she was sighted four months later by a Swedish timber-ship that had been ratching south against head-winds for the Cape, half way between Buenos Aires and Table Bay. The *Holmfeld* must have drifted south with the Brazil Current, then she must have picked up the Westerlies and swung away east with 'em.

"The Swede was bound for Port Elizabeth, and reported the derelict when she got there, and from her description there was mighty little doubt about it. No other steamer had been lost in the South Atlantic for some time back, and the derelict was nearly awash, as she would be with her engine-room half-full—you can be pretty sure the Chief hadn't bothered to shut the main-deck doors behind him when he left her. She must have been floating on her holds—but not much more than only just, for you'll remember she had a cargo of coke, and although coke's lighter than coal, that merely meant they'd been able to put more of it aboard.

"THE SWEDE hadn't been able to stop and sink her. She's only just picked up the Westerlies herself, and you know what they are like. It would have been dangerous trying to board a derelict like that from a boat, to say nothing of opening up her hatches to sink her, with the seas breaking clean over her well-decks most of the time—and then trying to get off her again before she went down and took them with her. From the Swede's account, she was on the point of sinking anyway, and not much more than a push would put her under. I don't think anyone dreamed . . .

"All shipping was warned to watch out for her, of course, but she wasn't sighted again for a year, and everyone thought she'd gone. But not a bit of it. A Cape sou'-wester must have kicked her north out of the Westerlies, and she popped up again off Angola.

"I," said the Hollander suddenly, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking around him, "was the man who sighted her."

"Good Lord! Were you in the *Volendammer*?"

"I was her mate."

"Then you'd better tell this bit."

The momentary surprise was over. The Brethren are used to these human cross-bearings.

"We towed a dredger out for the Portuguese. It was a bad tow because she was old and would not steer. And the southeast trade was strong that year, and came more close to the land, so that we had it against us all the way after about Twenty South, until we got the coastal sou'-west wind, which was worse."

"It happened at night, in the middle watch."

The shrewd old white-hooded eyes blinked and looked round at us all, as if to say: "You know!"

WE KNEW. We could picture that tug, straining at her unwieldy tow, heading slowly into the teeth of that strong trade-wind, under the starry blue-black trade-wind sky, with the white crests of the seas swinging up to assault her dogged Dutch bows like ghostly armies from the night.

"I was on watch. I saw it just in time. If we had not been towing, and so going slowly, we should have hit it. It was low in the sea, and dark, and the foam about it was just like the wave-crests, so that I did not see it until it was right in front of me. There was only the stump of one mast, and no funnel. Its stern went past so near that I think I could have jumped down upon it.

"Captain Wentinck came at once from the chartroom when he heard me ordering the engines. At sea he always slept in the chartroom. There was a little light burning there—only a little light, but enough to blind his eyes when he came out. So he could not see the derelict. When he could see again, the derelict had gone in the night. I could not myself see it. I could only tell him the bearing when I had last seen it.

"He decided that it was not safe to stand by in the dark, so we went on, steering far to starboard so that the dredger behind us would not foul the thing. You understand? We dared not stand by."

Several of us nodded our "not guilty." Captain Wentinck, with that clumsy dredger on his tow-rope, would have been asking for disaster if he had tried to hang around near that almost invisible derelict. If he had risked it, he might have been able to sink the thing in the morn-

ing, and so finish the story and the floating menace of the *Holmfeld*—but it might easily have fouled and sunk them or the dredger before daylight could come to end that danger.

"In the morning we did not see her. We reported it at Benguela. Later, when we returned to Amsterdam, they said it was the *Holmfeld*. That is all. But you have more to tell?"

"Yes. That wasn't the last time she was sighted. The *Conquistador* was the next to meet her."

"The *Conquistador*? What was she?"

Maynard looked round at us as the Hollander had done—and I began dimly to guess what he had meant by "*mens rea*" and "intent to kill."

"A cruiser," he said. "A new Elswick cruiser, heading South for Magellan and the Pacific Coast, to join the Peruvian Navy."

He hesitated.

"Whenever I think of it," he went on slowly, "I—wonder at the strangeness, the knitting together of a whole series of sheer blind chances. If the *Holmfeld* had been a steel ship instead of the tough old iron that she was, she'd have rusted through somewhere and gone quietly to the bottom long before the *Conquistador* met her. But iron—you know how iron resists corrosion, as well as the way it stands up to a shock. I've often wondered why they don't use it still, in preference to steel. Then—well, the South Atlantic's a big place. Imagine it! With all that water to drift about in, at the will of the winds and currents, she might have gone almost anywhere after the Brazil Current took her south. She could have stayed in the Westerlies and gone round the world with them, or got trapped in the Antarctic ice and ended there."

"IF SHE'D missed the cruiser she could have gone on across the Atlantic, just under the Line, with the South Equatorial Current, which was what she was actually doing, and then either swung south again with the Brazil Current, or drifted north along the Central American coast and into the Gulf Stream—or into the Sargasso. No knowing where she might have got to in the end. She'd lasted nearly three years. There was no telling how much longer she might have held up. For all I definitely know, she may have gone on floating long after the collision—though that's on the edge of the impossible.

"What I'm driving at is that the chances of her drifting into the

track of the *Conquistador*, almost dead on the Line, in the middle of the Doldrums, under the exact conditions to make collision absolutely certain, must have been millions to one . . .

"And yet it does hang together after a fashion. She'd gone on drifting north after the *Volendammer* had sighted her, as she'd have to do with that sou'-east trade drift, and then she'd got into the westbound South Equatorial Current, practically at right-angles across the track of any shipping bound for South American ports or Magellan Straits. You can understand her being where she was. You can almost call it reasonable. And it's reasonable that at times, in those Doldrums, she'd be swallowed up in line-squalls.

"**B**UT was it in normal reason that the *Conquistador* should come up with her in the middle of one of 'em when her watch-officer couldn't even see his own bows from his bridge, let alone anything ahead? And was it in reason that the captain of that cruiser should be the very man who'd cast away the *Holmfeld*?

"If I couldn't prove the whole thing from the Lloyd's Weekly Summaries and cuttings that I kept—I've still got 'em at home, in a bundle in a drawer—I'd—I'd never dare breathe a word of it to a soul.

"As I said at the start, they'd hang a man on half the evidence there was against the *Holmfeld*. At least, they would if they could find any trace of the body. You can't hang a man without a body. And the *Holmfeld* took the body with her.

"I'll tell you.

"The *Conquistador's* boats were at sea ten baking days before they were picked up—by the *Ormonde*, P.S.N. Line. They had a pretty horrible story to tell. She'd struck at fifteen knots, and the *Holmfeld* had ripped half her brittle steel side out with those tough old iron plates of hers. She'd sunk in less than a quarter of an hour. And as she sank, the squall dropped flat, as these squalls do, sometimes after only a few minutes. It had held on long enough to do its work. You could call it an accomplice, an accessory. . . .

"Six boats got away. One of them, drifting about in the dark while its crew sorted itself out, heard the swell breaking against something and a noise like a loose iron door or scupper-plate opening and shutting, swinging on rusty hinges as the derelict wallowed in the sea. They pulled as close as they dared, and saw a low dark thing ahead—then pulled

away again, hard as they could, scared out o' their souls. They'd heard a human voice, somewhere aboard that dark thing, raging and laughing and raging again like the madman he probably was by then—laughing and raging in English.

"One of them, one of the engineers, had understood a bit of it.

"Nobody believed that part, because when the boat's crew was picked up, every man was near dead with thirst, and to the people aboard the *Ormonde* what they said must have sounded like delirium.

"But I believe it. Because, you see, I've got the key that they hadn't got. They didn't know who the captain of the *Conquistador* had really been: they only had his assumed name; couldn't link him up with the *Holmfeld* at all. So they couldn't truly understand what that boat's crew swore they'd heard him shouting. The most they'd grant was that some poor devil, swimming about after the cruiser had gone down, had blundered against the derelict and hauled himself up on to it.

"What was it he was shouting?" asked someone.

Maynard leaned forward, looking again at each of us in turn, with a look that made me, for one, feel the cold go up my spine.

"*You—! I'll make sure of you this time!*"

Maynard sat back.

"That's all," he finished tonelessly. "Neither he nor the derelict were ever sighted again. Whether he really made sure of her that night—pulled off a hatch in the strength of his madness and let her sink with him—or whether the collision sank her, or whether she drifted on, still holding to that awful un-dead life of hers, till she saw him die first on her deck and had peace at last, or whether—but I'll go mad myself if I think of it any more. It's almost beyond believing.

"It all happened. Just as I've told you. But if you ask me if ships have souls, if they can really feel and think and know, as human beings do—then I keep quiet, because I . . . don't . . . know."

Hail, Our Life!

By CLIFFORD J. LAUBE

Attila's spirit rides again the red roads of the East.

Caligula returns, a subtler tyrant, to the South.

King Herod's sword still seeks the Lord. With violence increased

It strikes at holy youth and maims the Manna-nourished mouth.

Mother of God, amid this strife,

Amid this death, be thou our life.

Dark intellects, like Lucifer's, low-fallen in their pride,

Have dimmed the philosophic lamp in learning's ancient seats.

Despoiled of grace, a godless race casts purity aside,

Slaying the lily in its bulb, the heart before it beats.

Mother of Christ's integrity,

Amid this blight, our sweetness be.

Yet while the coliseums stand, the catacombs remain.

The wolf-pack prowls, but Peter watches, faithful to his flock.

A martyred Pro in Mexico, the mangled priests of Spain,

The saints of hidden Russia, show the firmness of the Rock.

Mystical Star above the slope,

Mother of men, be thou our hope.

Hail, holy Queen, mother of mercy,

Our life, our sweetness and our hope!

To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve;

To thee do we send up our sighs,

Mourning and weeping in this valley of tears.

Mother Memories

By JOSEPHINE McDONALD

A GEMLIKE article appeared recently in a fashion magazine of America's elite, regarding memories of mothers to which children cling throughout their lives. In it, the authoress gave some of her own memories and some of which her friends had told her. Words, skilfully and lovingly handled, etched entrancing pictures of trailing gowns, plumed fans, long white gloves reaching to bare white shoulders. Other words reproduced the sound of a sweet voice saying "Good night" to two little ones in a quiet nursery presided over by a white-capped "nursie," and the swish of silks brushing downstairs and out into the evening; even created and left lingering in the room until tired little eyes closed, the scent of mother's favorite perfume.

There was a pictured memory of mother presiding over her two little girls' French lessons in a peaceful terraced garden, after tea. And there were other equally romantic pictures, beautifully done; and the article ended with a plea for the bequest of lovely memories to the children of this remembering generation. The authoress' own children, for instance, particularly liked a certain rose tea gown, a certain white evening cape—and she was wearing them often. And she was being consciously careful always to show herself to them in her most gracious moods. . . .

So sincere and finely chiseled was the article that my disappointment after reading it arose, certainly, from no desire to deprecate what had been done, but rather from an appreciation keen enough to regret what had been omitted. Such skill with words could have given such priceless pictures of the mother memories that most of us humbler folk carry! Memories less pretty, perhaps, but more deeply beautiful and eternally inspiring than those in which the sensory impressions of clothes and perfume are strongest.

For the mother memories of most of us include no gleaming satin and shoulder gloves, no rose tea gowns, nor leisurely French lessons in terraced gardens, no graceful exits into perfumed evening air. Yet they have their more meaningful beauty. For our mothers' beauty—the stuff of our

memories—was in the way they lived.

To begin with, our mothers didn't trail out into the evenings. Their exits were made noiselessly at six o'clock of mornings, and not in silks, but in snug coats drawn hastily over housedresses—for there wouldn't be time to change when they came back from Mass. "Twould be time to get breakfast.

There was only one regular evening exit a week. On Thursday nights there was real dressing up, if not in gleaming satin and shoulder gloves, at least in silk print and black kids; because Thursday night was Married Women's Sodality night, and that was an event to be looked forward to with anticipation and back upon with relish. Jolly Father Duffy's stories were "better than a show," and there was a lot of visiting with other sodalists before and after the meeting. The picked-up parish news was then served at breakfast, dinner and supper on Friday. Friday was mother's day in the sun.

ALTHOUGH our memories include no nurseries presided over by white-capped "nursies," we would not trade them for those we have of rather noisy housefuls presided over solely by mothers. Orderliness was more a mirage than a reality there, being eternally attempted but seldom achieved. "By the time I get the last room cleaned, the first is all upset again," or, "By the time I get the last face washed, the first is dirty again," our mothers used to say; but we remember it said with an air of pride rather than of complaint. The possession of so many rooms and so many faces was a matter for complacency, even for a hint of boastfulness.

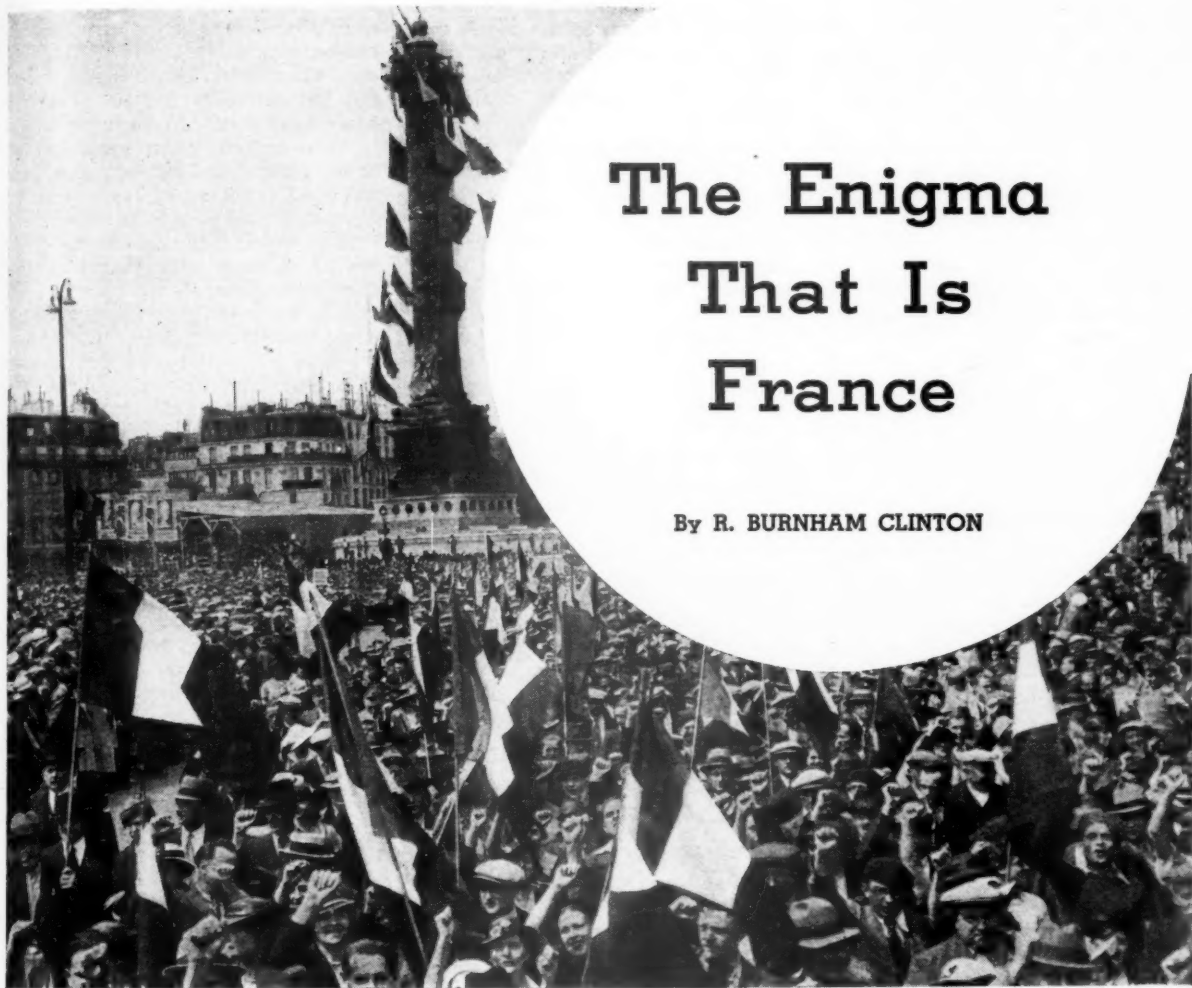
As for tea gowns, who but would have forgotten the gowns, anyhow, in the memory of mother's tea: hot, and rather strong, and with exactly the right amount of heavy cream in it? Mother was very fussy about the tea she made. Tea gowns may be beautiful, but so is the philosophy that the substance is more important than the form. It was that philosophy that mothers like ours left us, in their belief that perfect tea was more important than the wearing of perfect gowns for drinking it. The

neighbors evidently agreed with them, for surely more of them came to drink their tea than ever would have come merely to gaze upon gowns they might be wearing. . . .

Perhaps it is not quite correct to say that there was no gleaming satin whatever. Within our memory there was one—a gorgeous affair of gray, with a bosom of lace, hand-embroidered in rose. It touched the floor in front, and had a train. And it took a dressmaker a solid week to make it, boarding at the house during the process. That was an awful week, during which mother never smiled but wore a lemonish expression which bespoke more eloquently than any words of hers could have, her disapproval of the whole affair. Father, it seems, was going to be installed as Exalted Chief of his Order, and since Mother was to sit on the stage, he was determined that she should be the best-dressed lady in attendance. But for once she refused to smile her obedient acceptance of whatever it should please him to give. "It would keep the whole Brady family (there were nine Bradys!) for a month," she would remind him acidly whenever he asked hopefully if she were pleased with the progress on the gown. And she never got much wear out of it. The few times she could be persuaded to put it on, the lemon expression went on with it, and she wore it almost fearfully, as if, at any moment, the poor Bradys might appear and suspect that a possible month of their sustenance had gone into it!

MOTHERS like that furnish our memories. They may have left fewer entrancing sensual memories than jeweled and furred women who wore beautiful clothes more casually and took leisure more gracefully; but on the other hand, they surely left no counterbalancing bequest of ugly class hatred to spring up against their children in later years. They left the beauty of sincere worth, of honest effort, of sane, useful philosophy, of charity, and the affection and respect of all who knew them, of whatever class.

And we, their children, can imagine no more beautiful heritage of memory than those qualities.



ACME PHOTO

Leftist groups with upraised fists, celebrating Bastille Day near the monument which marks the site of the famous prison

The Enigma That Is France

By R. BURNHAM CLINTON

A Trial at Hand

AS THE issue between the forces of tradition and the Communist revolution draws ever nearer to a trial at arms, everyone is asking what will happen in France.

This question of the position of France in one or the other of the two opposing camps is one of the most important that awaits an answer, for France has for many centuries been the hub of the Christian secular civilization, and, though the nation has been steadily losing prestige for several decades, French thought is still the most authoritative influence in this sphere.

The departure of France, then, not only from this central position but also from the entire orbit of Christian life, and her taking her place as a branch of Communist internationalism, or, alternatively, her breaking down into chaotic fragments, would be one of the shrewdest blows that could possibly be de-

livered against our entire civilization, and might easily prove fatal. We are rightly concerned, then, with the future of France, but in order even to hazard a conjecture about it it is necessary to appreciate the significance of what is now taking place there.

It is apparent to everyone that a conflict of the sternest kind is being carried on in France—a conflict social, political, economic and religious, which may at any moment flare up into civil war. Apparent, too, is its close resemblance to the conflict waged in neighboring Spain just before the Communist revolution there, and the reaction of the Spanish people against that revolution. What, of course, is not apparent is how the various social elements, the political parties, the peasants, the proletariat, the intellectuals, the religious bodies, the army, will be found lined up when the critical moment arrives. There is strong pressure and persuasive arguments being brought to

bear on them by both sides, and until some acute emergency has called forth a wider and more definite expression of popular feeling the issue must remain in doubt.

The most conspicuous aspect of this struggle, since it forms the sole subject of press reports, is the competition among the political parties for the control of the government and the spoils that go with it. Here there is a very close parallel with events in pre-war Spain—the same drawing together of the Left parties in an association known as the Popular Front, the same small proportion of true Communists and the same dominant influence exercised by them, the same nominal sinking of minor disagreements in order effectively to press their campaign against the Right, and the same almost complete lack of cohesion among the Right parties.

This dominance of the Communists over the other more numerous Left elements, is to be explained

here, precisely as it was to be explained in Spain, by the fact that they alone have an assured philosophy, such as it is, a definite program, and consequently a consistent course of action with all the strength that comes therefrom. Like the same element in Spain, their program is that of Moscow and is directed even as to details from there.

The Communists are exceedingly outspoken, standing avowedly for "direct action," revolution and the overthrow of the present French political system. This is particularly true of their leaders outside the legislative chambers; their representatives in that body cloak their intentions in somewhat more parliamentary language, but their meaning is the same.

Socialists and Radicals

ASSOCIATED with the Communists in the Common Front are the Socialists and the Radicals, and it is from the latter that practically all the recent governments have been chosen. The policy of these radical governments, insofar as they may be said to have a policy beyond the filling of their pockets, has consisted of a weak opportunism that has played directly into the hands of the Communists and, by gravely compromising the national finances, has brought appreciably nearer the Communist revolution. It is these supine Radicals that France has principally to thank for the strength of Communism today.

French political opinion has exhibited a slow but, on the whole, consistent tendency towards Left political theories ever since the War of 1870. (I shall explain this later). The result has been that more and more extreme groups of Radicals have been entrusted with the government. This might have meant something definitely constructive had a vestige of reality remained in party politics. Since the Great War, for example, the step from Clemenceau or Poincaré or even Briand to Chaumets is nominally a step to the left. In reality it has been a very long step towards futility, and the rapid succession of governments during the last ten years has meant nothing more than hasty re-shufflings of the same old gang of professional politicians in an attempt to shift responsibility for successive scandals.

Over a year ago, the Radicals having been temporarily turned out of office, the Socialist Party was asked to form a government for the first time in thirty years and Léon Blum became Premier. M. Blum's attitude of "now you will see something solid accomplished" would have been

comic had it not been the prelude to a tragedy. He assured the people that now at long last the affairs of France would be put on a sound basis; he assured the proletariat that they should have precisely what they wanted. Neither promise was fulfilled, though—to do him justice—he tried hard enough to keep the latter.

In point of fact the Socialist administration of M. Blum has left a definite mark upon national affairs which the return of the Radicals to power and their play at petty politics cannot remedy. That mark bears no relation to the pre-election promises save that of opposites, but at least it is a very long step towards national bankruptcy and the Red revolution.

The numerous parties of the Right and Centre have practically no direct political influence today. Their function, and it is an important one, is to keep public attention centred on the mistakes of the Left and maintain open discussion in the press. But to govern—that is, to form a government and carry out a policy—they have no chance at all, in spite of the fact that they represent, insofar as they represent anything, the majority of the people. Excepting the Monarchists at the extreme Right, none of them have a truly constructive program.

The Action Française, the Monarchist party at the extreme Right, like the Communists at the extreme Left, is an exception to this rule. There was a moment when this party might have changed the destiny of France, but its founder and leader, Charles Mauras, though himself not a Catholic, insisted upon identifying the Monarchist cause with the Catholic Faith. This, of course, was impossible, and His Holiness, Pius XI, seeing further into the future and regarding greater issues than even the fate of France, banned the party for Catholics. The result has been that it has lost many of its most brilliant leaders, notably Jacques Maritain, the great disciple of St. Thomas.

Movements of Right

I MUST not leave this point without mentioning two recent movements which hold promise of drawing the Right, or at least the anti-Communist groups, together. One of these, the Parti Social Français, arose under the leadership of Colonel de la Rocque out of the embers of the Croix de Feu, which had been disbanded by a jealous Left government on the pretext of its "militancy," a foolishly obvious political move, considering the government's support of the militant Communists.

Later the Parti Social Français was legally dissolved in its turn, but it has paid no attention to its dissolution, which never has been and cannot be enforced. Indeed, since its legal death it has grown more rapidly than before (from some 700,000 to an estimated 2,000,000) and now has local branches in every town in France. Its purpose is to consolidate Right opinion into some kind of effective political action against the Communist control.

More important, perhaps, because it represents the first discernible break in the Left ranks, is the new Parti Populaire Français. Doriot, its founder, was himself an industrial worker and a convinced Communist, but he is a man of transparent honesty, and a trip to Russia to view the workings of the "Ideal Communist State" opened his eyes to the facts. He still calls himself a Socialist but believes that his ideal has not been realized and is even unrealizable at present. As for Russia and its agents in France, he is perfectly aware that they are simply telling lies about the situation and he has become their implacable enemy.

Trend From Moscow

THE Parti Populaire Français is growing rapidly, and it is significant that young Radicals are joining it, largely in protest against the dominance of Moscow. Further, Doriot has declared himself ready to meet half way any party or group that will join him in fighting Communism of the Moscow brand. If it were possible to effect a juncture of these two parties we might see the end of Communist political control.

But is it possible to effect such a juncture—and, if so, when? Time is of the essence of the problem, and the revolution may break out tomorrow or six months hence. Even if everything were satisfactorily arranged and the Communist backbone broken, the future of France would still be dark enough. Things cannot go on as they are; national bankruptcy is just around the corner and the growing dissatisfaction of the people would invite some other form of revolutionary violence, for we are still faced with the fatal lack of a constructive program. This much may be said for De la Rocque's party. The statement of its principles points generally in the right direction and contains points that might form the nucleus of the needed program. If they could find a philosopher to lead them, as Portugal has done, the future would be plain sailing.

This, at least, is my reading of the situation as it appears on the politi-

cal surface to the world. Behind it there is a play of vast but obscure forces—historic, traditional, economic, religious—that often seem to bear but little relation to what is happening before the political foot-lights.

France Not Industrial

IT MUST be remembered that France is not one of the highly industrialized countries like the United States or Great Britain, though it is more so than Spain or Italy. A liberal estimate is that about five per cent of the people are dependent upon industrial occupations. At the bottom of the whole social structure stands the great class of peasants—their feet firmly planted in the soil of their own small properties.

Next to them, and united to them by many ties of blood and common interests, are the small shop-keepers, themselves a very large class, and also the owners of small properties.

isfactorily. There is certainly a nucleus of convinced and ardent Catholics. Further, there is little doubt that this nucleus is growing and it is a significant and hopeful fact that it is producing and is led by the best minds in France. But about the edges of this nucleus there is a much larger fringe of very amphibious Catholics. There are many curious modifications which present a problem to the student of events and doubtless to the parish priest. There are some who profess the Faith but scarcely practice it; others who would rather not talk about it but who observe its external requirements; then there are those who do not observe them for themselves but train their children to do so, and many who attempt to combine their Faith with very incongruous political opinions.

How real, how deep-seated is the Faith in these people? In the nature of the case no one can tell. One thing

and impregnable nation—the centre of civilization, of art and culture through the centuries, the France of Godfrey and the Crusades, of St. Bernard, of St. Louis, of Richelieu, of Louis XIV and the great writers of the Renaissance—cuts suddenly the tradition of France of the Revolution and the Republic.

There is nothing finally incompatible in the traditions. To be sure one is monarchic and the other republican; one is Catholic and the other superficially agnostic and anti-clerical; but the unbroken thread of nationality runs through both, and time should eventually compose their antagonisms, but time has not yet done so. The antagonisms are still sharp and the second tradition dominant. This is the first factor, and we shall see its effect more clearly when we have grasped the second.

For many years and especially since the establishment of the Republic, the French have been misrep-



Frenchmen take their politics seriously. This riot took place when Rightists tried to break up a Communist rally

ACME PHOTO

These are the backbone of the nation and, in my opinion, as long as they exist, they make the permanence of Communism impossible. It is the purpose of the Communist Party and its allies to legislate them out of existence. This, however, will necessarily take time and could certainly not be done before the revolution unless that were indefinitely postponed. There is no denying that it might be done afterwards. But in whatever order events occur these will be the most difficult nuts for Communism to crack, in spite of the fact that many of them are Communist in name.

Then, of course, we have Catholicism. Here we are confronted with the greatest difficulty in forming an estimate of its power, for this depends at least as much on the vitality of the Faith as on the number who profess it.

Who is Catholic in France? I defy anyone to answer that question sat-

is beyond doubt: violent persecution will divide this multitude, confirming the Faith in some, driving it out altogether in others, but in what proportion is past conjecture.

Strong Left Tendency

IT WILL be seen from the above that one cannot predicate political opinion on religious belief with certainty, and we may observe a further and more curious inconsistency: the majority of the French are traditionalists; they do not want their way of life changed, yet in spite of this they have voted more and more to the Left since the Franco-Prussian War and the fall of the Third Empire. Why is this? How does it square with the claim often advanced that the French intellect is of all intellects the most logical? The answer depends upon two factors.

The tradition of France is a broken one. Across the tradition of the great

resented by their government. They are not alone in this. The American people know, or should know, how misrepresentative "representative" government can be. This misrepresentation has recently grown rapidly in degree and in crass indifference to public knowledge of it. The people have been progressively betrayed more and more openly for the benefit of wealthy industrialists, for cliques of politicians, for the purposes of Free Masonry, for favored adventurers like Stavinsky, but until just now these recipients of corrupt benefits could at least lay claim to calling themselves French. It remains for the last few governments to reach the depth of betraying France to a foreign power. The government of today betrays the French people to the point of taking orders from Moscow, and, very slowly, the people are beginning to realize it. They do not like the idea and are showing it.

Now let us see how this bears on the slow political swing towards the Left noted above.

I have referred to the claim made for the French intelligence. Avoiding invidious comparisons, we may at least say that it is characterized by an unusual capacity for logic. Present to a Frenchman, be he a writer for a philosophical review or a peasant cultivating vines, true premises, and the chances are many to one that he will return the right conclusion. How then, we may ask, can he possibly go on thus countering his true intentions? How can he go on supporting at the polls a gang of unscrupulous politicians who are simply taking advantage of his support to betray him? There is no question whatever that under their misguidance France has lost much of its prestige among the nations; how is it that he has not seen this and changed his political allegiance to some group which would carry out his true intentions?

The answer is simple: the Frenchman has not made a mistake in drawing his conclusions; he has, in common with the citizens of almost every country today, been misled as to the facts themselves. The premises from which he has drawn his conclusions have been false premises.

Church and Aristocracy

HIS first mistake in a matter of fact was that which he made a century and a half ago in identifying the Church with the aristocracy that had oppressed him. He had great excuse for this initial error. The Gallicanism which had possessed France almost uninterruptedly from the time of St. Louis' immediate successors had resulted in secularizing the higher clergy to a point where they were almost indistinguishable from the lay nobility. Many a great bishop and abbot were, to their shame be it spoken, as guilty of oppression and cruelty as any secular lord, and when the Revolution came the anger of the people was as justly turned against them as against their secular fellows. How could the people, with the figures of these thrice guilty shepherds before them, know that the Church herself had struggled in vain against the system that produced them? The fact that some high clerics were good men, were saints even, could not weigh against the fact that as a class they appeared to be part of a pernicious system.

This original mistake which caused them to turn from the Church, their most dependable friend and guide, to those most fallible of guides, the liberal political leaders, however well

intentioned, launched them on the wrong tack which they have ever since followed into the shoals on which we now see them stranded. For many years the terms liberal, radical, even Socialist and Communist, have appealed to them because they have been misled into believing them to be merely further extensions of the same democratic principles supposed to be working for their emancipation.

A Significant Turn

THIS error in regard to facts has naturally been fostered for all it was worth by the politicians who have benefited by it and who have been obliged to tell more and more glaring falsehoods about the national situation. But there is a limit to the possibility of such falsehood, and the present Communist propaganda seems nearly to have reached it. The sudden *volte-face* of such men as Doriot and André Gide is significant. The tide that has for so long set towards the Left shows unmistakable signs of abating; it may even turn, but the question is in what direction.

There is as yet nothing to serve as a battle-cry to rally popular enthusiasm. The Action Française, to be sure, offers the person of "The King," but the French do not want a king today. They still think of him, as did the ancient Romans, as the chief of their old oppressors, and fear him even more than that final and alien form of tyranny, the Communist State. What they want is "The Republic," a renewed, a genuine republic cleansed of the foul crew that now clings to its skirts. It is for this that the more perspicuous Right leaders are striving, but that venerable name has been so long on the lips of its betrayers as a synonym for their policies of graft and corruption that it is doubtful if it will serve. In the meantime France is drifting towards—what? It looks uncommonly like the maelstrom.

To me it appears that the French, not for the first time, must look to their intellectuals rather than their politicians of whatever stripe for leaders, and this would be well for France. Of the intellectual life of the country today I cannot speak here, save to say that its most active and influential part may be summed up in two words—the Catholic Revival. The greatest artists, the profoundest thinkers, the most brilliant writers, especially among the younger generation, are predominantly and increasingly Catholic. There is no doubt but that time is on the side of religion and the Catholic Church.

But will there be time? At any mo-

ment the Communists, driven by fear of the opening gaps in their ranks, or the peasants and shop-keepers, stung past endurance by Communist aggression, may start something. Already there are reports of sporadic attacks upon priests and ex-service men and of fights between proletarians and peasants.

In case of an open rupture the immediate outcome rests with the army, and the army is, to me at least, an unknown quantity. I imagine that there are few bold enough to prophesy what its action as a whole might be. How will its chiefs, how will its younger officers, how will the rank and file decide when the crisis comes?

To answer that we should have to know, as we cannot, what construction they put upon their oath of loyalty. To whom, to what is that oath sworn? Is it to the temporary chiefs of state who can legally command it and who, of course, will be Communist or Communist-controlled? At first sight it would appear so. But suppose the soldier is convinced that these men are already traitors to the State. Would he not be justified in counting his oath as sworn to the State or even to that vast entity, difficult to appraise, back of the State, of which the State itself is only the representative—France, the nation?

I cannot enter now into the ethics of that question which, indeed, involves the whole difficult problem of the nature of patriotism and its place in the hierarchy of human loyalties. I can only repeat that the immediate fate of France will depend on how the bulk of the army decides the matter for itself.

Future of France

THE ultimate fate of France lies, doubtless, with the mass of the population—and the mass of the population will decide against the international Communist State in favor of an autonomous nation. For this we may indeed thank God, but let us not make the mistake of a facile optimism. Barring foreign invasion, which in the case of Communist success is by no means an impossibility, or a speedy political *volte-face*, which I fear can hardly come in time, we have two alternatives: a violent reaction against the Communist revolt when it comes, such as we have seen in Spain, or chaos which will involve not only France but all Western Europe, a chaos that will be followed by a slow and painful process of reconstruction taking at the very least many years and perhaps even centuries.

The Seen and The Unseen

The Struggle Between the Church and the Modern World Derives From the Catholic Affirmation That the Supernatural Exists and Can Be Known

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

Attaining Certitude

THE quarrel between the Church and the modern world turns ultimately upon a difference as to the mode in which we human beings can attain certitude in any matter. The modern world, insofar as it is non-Catholic or anti-Catholic, has one view of this fundamental question. The Catholic has another—an opposition view altogether.

It is the contrast between the two which lies at the root of all our present discussion. The modern world denies what is called the supernatural. The Catholic affirms the supernatural on the authority of the Church.

This and the next two papers will deal with that tremendous issue. Here, in the first, I describe the character of the issue. In my next I shall discuss the causes which have led to the denial of the supernatural. In the paper following that I shall discuss the main effects of such denial.

Let us begin at the beginning and consider the essential principles involved.

There are two forms of knowledge. There is knowledge of such a character that we cannot admit the possibility of the opposite to it and there is knowledge of such a character that we can admit, though with varying degrees of admission, the opposite to it.

For instance, no one will admit the possibility that he himself does not exist. He is quite certain of that and no attack on so fixed a proposition can be conceived by him. The assertion "I am" is an incontrovertible assertion. Forms of knowledge are further absolutely certain when they are arrived at by what is called *deduction* from first principles. So long as those first principles are certain the deductions from them are equally certain.

For instance, if you define a circle as a line on a particular plane surface, every point of which is equidistant from another point on the same plane surface, then you can—by the use of reason alone, without depending on experiment—establish certain conclusions with regard to that curve: any diameter of the circle will

pass through the centre of the circle: all the diameters will be equal, for each diameter is made up of two radii, radii being the term employed for the distance between the fixed point and the circumference. You can also establish by pure reason the fact that the angle contained by a semicircle is a right angle; and so on.

Here you have absolute certitude.

But there is also a form of knowledge—and it is overwhelmingly the commonest form—in which you can be *almost* certain, or *fairly* certain, or even somewhat uncertain, and yet possessed, within the limits of that uncertainty, of the knowledge in question. This kind of knowledge is obtained by experience. For instance, we say that we "know" the sun rises in the East and sets in the West. There is a very long record indeed of that process and there is no known exception to it. That is a case of knowledge from experience approximating to absolute certitude.

Mind you, it is not absolute certitude in the exact sense of the word "absolute." The thing is not *entirely* certain. You could not predicate with complete confidence that there could never be any error in your predication. Supposing some catastrophe occurred in the universe whereby the motion of the earth were changed, the rule might be broken.

Doubt Admissible

SO FAR as the attitude of the mind is concerned, forms of knowledge derived from experience are just as firmly fixed in the mind. We are just as certain of them as we are of the other forms in which there cannot conceivably be any doubt. But in pure reason, doubt is always admissible in some degree upon any general proposition based only on experience.

One could draw up a great number of instances in which knowledge of this kind was present but certitude on that knowledge was, in varying degrees, inadmissible. Immensely long experience, personal to ourselves and recorded from the past, teaches us that in our hemisphere the climate gets warmer as one goes

southward. We say, roughly speaking, that we are certain, for instance, that no permanent glaciers will form in mountain ranges, say 5,000 feet high, in the tropics; but an exception—a single exception—would be enough to upset that fixed conclusion. We should feel ourselves no longer possessed of the almost absolute certitude we had before, if we found, as a matter of fact, a permanent glacier in certain low hills within the tropics. Although we have no historical record of such a thing, we have records from the rocks—geological evidence—that in the past the climate in such and such a district, which is now too hot for glaciers to form, was different, and in the same place glaciers *did* form.

Daily Experience

THEN again, in matters of daily experience: we are fairly certain that the tides in an estuary will behave in such and such a fashion and rise and fall at such and such hours. For a whole lifetime we may have had confirmation of this experience, by the repeated evidence of our senses; but at the same time we know that tides are affected by strong winds, by floods and so on, and it is quite conceivable that in a particular case where there was an exceptionally violent wind blowing down river and exceptionally heavy backwater of flood, the tide, which normally rises at a particular hour, would fail to rise altogether. If you were to put the proposition to an inhabitant of the banks of the estuary and say to him: "You must admit that it would be possible for the flood tide to fail you under such circumstances," he would have to admit that it was possible.

Then there come myriads of known things which are still less certain, and according to their categories they stand in a position of less and less certitude until we come to those on which we can hardly make any fixed affirmation at all. For instance, we are fairly certain that a given train will in the next few days start from a given station within at least an hour or two of the advertised time, but we have known exceptions;

we have no fixity of knowledge in the matter. A harvest in such and such a place hardly ever completely fails, but we may have experience of occasions on which it did completely fail.

Then you come to such categories as the length of a particular human life. We may say of a young man of 30 that if all goes well he will live to see 50, but everybody knows the innumerable accidents which may prevent that happening.

We Trust Experience

Now all these forms of knowledge by experience, from those which are virtually certain, those which no man will contradict—save in the presence of overwhelming evidence to the contrary—to those which are quite uncertain (like the duration of a particular human life) are the forms of knowledge on which we live nearly the whole of our lives and actually the whole of what may be called the practical side of our lives. Those forms of knowledge which are absolutely certain, either by universal intuition, such as a confidence in our own existence, or are certain by deduction, form but a very small part of our judgment on any set of things. Nearly all that we do from day to day and nearly all our judgment on what is likely to be before us in the near or even the distant future, is based upon experience. We trust the evidence of our senses, though they are not infallible—for they sometimes suffer from illusion—and on that evidence, especially when it is repeated evidence, we form conclusions on which the mind grows fixed in varying degrees of certitude.

If you had told a man fifty years ago that some friend of his would come flying through the air over a distance of a hundred miles, he would have said that you were talking nonsense. All experience had discovered this to be impossible to man until a new experience showed that it was possible. Anyone who ordered his life in contradiction with repeated and multiple human experience would meet with disaster, and anyone who believes some imaginary thing in the face of practical experience is insane. A man, for instance, who should throw metal coins into a river in the hope that they would not sink and be lost to him, would be a madman. Yet this practical certitude is not true or absolute certitude. By some new process metal might be made to float.

So far so good. There are these two forms of knowledge: one, absolute certitude based upon a universal interior conviction such as that of our own existence, the other—infin-

itely the more common—a form of quasi-certitude based upon experience. All men admit these two forms of knowledge and everyone must take them for granted.

But here comes the rub:—*there is (or may be) a third form of knowledge which does not fall under either of these two heads*: a form of knowledge upon matters wherein we have absolute certitude *not* based upon positive proof, deductive or experimental.

I have added the words "or may be" in order not to beg the question, for the whole position of the modern world upon the universe and upon history, upon all forms of record, etc., insofar as the modern world is anti-Catholic today, denies this third form of knowledge.

The denial usually takes the form of saying: "Prove it to me and I will believe it, but if you cannot prove it I will not believe it, or at any rate I will not feel bound to believe it."

Kinds of Proof

Now the word "prove" is a vague and elastic word, but we know what people mean when they talk like that; they mean: "Show me examples of human experience in support of what you say, especially if it seems to contradict other kinds of experience; if you cannot present such evidence I refuse your conclusions." Thus if a man tells you that another man has been lifted up into the air by an unseen force, or has walked upon the water, you will deny it and nothing would convince you save seeing the thing happen before your own eyes, or perhaps (and that doubtfully) the affirmations of many witnesses—though on this last point we must remember that corroborating evidence of this kind, when there is a great deal of it, is indeed convincing.

Or again, if you tell a man that there is a curve in mathematics called the hyperbola which is always approaching a certain straight line called the asymptote and it never touches it, he will—unless he has learnt his elementary mathematics—probably deny the possibility of such a thing. He will say: "If the curve is always getting nearer and nearer to that straight line it *must* at last touch it. I will not believe your statement until you prove it to me." You could sit down with a bit of paper and prove it to him mathematically—that is by deduction—and when you had proved it to him he would be convinced.

But if you were to tell him something—not even something astonishing but something only improbable, or even something probable but open

to doubt—and he were to ask you for proof and you were to answer "I have no proof; I believe it and I am certain of it, although I have no proof," he would say either that you were talking nonsense or that at any rate he would refuse to follow you in your conclusions.

Strictly speaking there is no credible affirmation of which there is "no proof" because the word "proof" is so vague that it may cover almost anything. What is meant here is: "no proof of direct experience common to yourself and to the person whom you are addressing."

There is always of course some basis for the credibility of any affirmation, but what people mean when they say "I believe this thing although I have no direct proof" is that they cannot bring forward irrefutable experience.

Thus if you have never in your life seen the action of a magnet, but someone whom you trusted had told you that he had seen a bit of iron make a second bit of iron jump off the table through the air without touching it, the man you were addressing would probably say: "Well, that is not very likely; I should like to see you prove it." You reply, "I trust my friend" and he would retort: "I don't." If you had produced a magnet yourself and made him see the bit of iron jump before his eyes, he would have believed you. You would be appealing to experience, whereas your statement was based on nothing but authority—the authority of your friend, who had seen the phenomenon and whom, though you did not understand how it could be, you so firmly trusted that you accepted his statement.

Supernatural Truths

This third kind of knowledge on authority, which the Catholic affirms as based upon certitude but which the non-Catholic, or anti-Catholic, refuses to accept, covers among other things all those truths, if they be truths, which come under the heading of "supernatural." To use the language of our fathers, they come under the heading of "things unseen." Saint Paul clinched it in a famous brief formula: "Faith," said he, "is the evidence of things unseen."

The modern world refuses the supernatural, the "unseen," and bases itself only on the natural; that is, either on the universal agreement of mankind (as in the matter of believing in one's own existence) or in experience which can be repeated and tested and confirmed on the authority of our senses.

If a thing behaves in a particular

way under particular circumstances over and over again whenever we try the experiment, our mind becomes convinced of a permanent rule therein, so that we deduce from that rule further happenings of the same kind. We have seen fire consume dry wood so often that we affirm as a certitude the consumption of this bit of wood, which has not yet been burnt, if it were brought into contact with the fire. But the affirmation, without direct proof of an experience, that a bit of wood which usually burns had miraculously failed to burn, we should not accept.

Affirmation upon the supernatural—affirmation of truths not demonstrable in so positive a fashion that all will admit them by experience—is peculiar to the faculty called Faith. This faculty the modern world

denies. It calls it self-deception—an illusion. Faith does not affirm without authority, but the authority which it brings into court may or may not be accepted by those to whom we appeal, and the whole quarrel turns upon whether we, who are of the Faith, are wise or foolish in thus accepting on authority things of which we have no direct experience and even things on which no man can have direct experience: as, for instance, immortality.

In other words, there are two kinds of knowledge—the certain and the uncertain, but the certain divides itself into two kinds again: that which we accept on proof and that which we accept on authority without direct proof. So that the forms of knowledge are really three: (1) that in which the thing known is

probable in varying degrees from virtual certitude to grave doubt; (2) that in which the thing known is certain by demonstration or a universal human experience, and (3) a third form in which a truth is affirmed to be certain although we cannot furnish direct proof, whether by experiment or by universal intuitive agreement.

This third form of knowledge, which covers all the action of faith, is varied. The modern world outside the Catholic Church now tends to affirm that such affirmation is not valid. Why does it deny the validity of certitude based on Faith?

To that I next turn, and in discussing the point we shall also discover why and how the certitude based on authority may be valid and should be accepted as such.

An Irish Galaxy

November 6th Is Irish All Saints Day. Four Great Lives Epitomize the Dominant Traits of Celtic Sanctity

By O. MACNAMARA

IN ADDITION to the General Feast of All Saints observed November 1st, Ireland has chosen the 6th of the same month as the day of special commemoration for All Saints of Ireland; and apart from this remembrance November is rich in feasts of her individual Saints. Outside the great trio Patrick, Brigit and Columcille, it would be difficult to find Irish names which ring through the centuries as do those of Columbanus, Fergal (usually Latinized as Virgilius) Malachy, and Laurence O'Toole.

The four lives epitomize certain dominant traits of Celtic sanctity, exhibited when brought at different dates into close contact with the secular life of contemporaries.

Columbanus (540-615) shows us the Celt in the first flush of evangelizing zeal, his missionary journeys a positive onslaught upon decadent Merovingian Europe; it is the heroic age of Irish monasticism that swept like a whirlwind through Gaul, Italy, Germany, Austria and the Low Countries. For twelve years Columbanus had prayed and studied at famous Bangor under St. Comgall before he set sail with twelve companions for Gaul. Their first home was given them at Annegrays by Gontran, King

of Burgundy; the monks worked at clearing the forest and taught the rude inhabitants agriculture, vine culture, etc., the dignity of manual labor and the rudiments of letters.

Mainly thanks to Irish monks the Classics and Patristic writings were saved to Europe. Later the Saint with some companions moved to Luxeuil in the Vosges, and the same program was repeated; the long list of foundations due to the Celts directly or indirectly is amazing. Columbanus was harsh to humans, but tender to animals (the latter a trait in Celtic saints which must have astounded contemporaries). His rule combined the maximum of severity with the minimum of food and sleep, and reads as one long round of prayers, fasts and penances of every description. Austere as it was and not destined to permanence, the rule found eager followers among the barbarian Franks, and his disciples really loved their uncompromising Abbot. Columbanus was, however, no flawless character and had the defects of his great qualities. Soon he was at loggerheads with the Frankish Bishops on the subject of the date of Easter—today we can see both points of view—but to Columbanus there was only one and

he wasted no time on conciliatory methods.

With far stronger reason he rebuked Thierry and Brunehaut on their mode of life; and, having annoyed both Bishops and Sovereigns, was expelled from Luxeuil and shipped to Erin. Storms, however, beat the vessel back upon the coast and it was clear to Columbanus that he was not destined to re-visit his beloved country. Bregenz on the shores of Lake Constance was his next objective; here the population was entirely pagan and after three years the missionaries were driven out by the enraged natives, furious at seeing some local idols flung into the lake. Gaul, the Saint's lifelong friend, established himself upon its further shore and gave his name to a monastery which remained famous almost to the present day.

Columbanus himself crossed the Alps and appeared at the Court of the Lombard King, Agilulph, at Milan. He was well received and the King assigned him a tract of ground at Bobbis in the Apennines, where the aged but indomitable Celt proceeded to rebuild the ruined church of St. Peter with his own hands. Only one year of life remained to him, and at its close his followers laid his

remains to rest in the crypt. His memory is still cherished in the countryside, and the legends told of him portray a gentleness and kindness of disposition somewhat at variance with the historical portrait.

The memory and influence of Columbanus have alike proved lasting; his thirteenth centenary occurred during the Great War, and the postponed celebrations took place with great pomp in 1923. A Papal Legate presided, and delegates came from all over Europe; besides foreign representatives there was an influx of pilgrims from Ireland headed by their Archbishop. Centenary celebrations were also held at Luxeuil and other centres—few men in history can boast themselves so well remembered after a lapse of over thirteen hundred years!

LITTLE is known of the early life of Virgilius, save that when the missionary wanderlust came he was Abbot of Aghaboe. He first settled at the court of King Pepin about 745, and was sent by the King with letters of recommendation to Duke Ottilo of Bavaria. A hundred and thirty years had elapsed since the death of Columbanus and great changes must gradually have taken place. In Ireland, Celtic customs still held good but on the Continent they had been superseded by the Roman, just as the Columban rule was gradually ceding to the milder Benedictine observance; nor do we hear of friction on either score from wandering priests and scholars from Hibernia. Evidently good understanding was established on the point, for Virgilius joined the community of St. Peter's Abbey at Salzburg and soon became its Abbot.

There were, however, other breakers ahead. The British Bishop Boniface was human enough to feel a little sore at being eclipsed in prestige with Duke Ottilo by the Celtic newcomer, and soon dispute waxed hot between them on the subject of Baptism (an ill-educated priest had administered the Sacrament with an incorrect formula but right intention). Virgilius upheld the validity which Boniface denied; Pope Zachary decided the appeal in favor of the former. Boniface was crestfallen but bided his time, and soon the ground was cleared for a second round in the conflict between Eighth Century Gael and Gaul.

The second accusation was of personal heresy; Virgilius taught the sphericity of the earth and the existence of Antipodes, thereby, so asserted the Englishman, denying Holy Scripture. The Pope took a more serious view of this matter and

Boniface thought himself quit for ever of the obnoxious Celt. It is a thousand pities that the correspondence between the Pope and Virgilius should have been lost, for the latter undoubtedly held the Copernican theory or one closely akin to it, though basing his scientific conclusions upon deductions from Ptolemy; and had the letters been on record the tiresome Galileo controversy centuries later could have been avoided.

All we know for certain is that Virgilius completely cleared his name at Rome, besides vindicating the plausibility of his theory and demonstrating to the Pope's satisfaction that the latter did not necessarily involve heresy. Soon afterwards the Irishman was elected Bishop of Salzburg and poor Saxon Boniface was worsted all along the line. Virgilius was not only a brilliant scholar, but a saintly and ardent missionary; his labors embraced the whole province of what is now called Carinthia (South Austria) which rightly regards him as its patron, and a church built in his honor still exists at Salzburg. He died about 785, renowned throughout that territory for zeal, learning and sanctity, and was canonized by Gregory IX in 1233.

There is a gap of full three centuries between Virgilius' death and the birth of St. Malachy. During this time fearful havoc had been wrought in Ireland by the Danes; monasteries were sacked and burned, monks and scholars fled abroad in search of tranquility or livelihood. Monastic discipline was at an ebb and the morals of the laity low; in fact, Ireland found itself in much the same sore plight as had Gaul when Columbanus came to her aid.

MALACHY was to heal the havoc, to restore sanctity and learning to his land, but much of his reform consisted in tightening the bonds of discipline which should bind his country to Rome. In his youth he studied Liturgy and Theology at Lismore and was appointed Abbot of Bangor by his own uncle, who was its lay Abbot. Bangor had fallen upon evil days since the time of Comgall and Columbanus; the community was scattered, the buildings burned; St. Malachy may be regarded as its second founder.

This matter of lay Abbots which had crept into the Celtic Church anticipated one of the worst abuses of the feudal system, the custom of *commendam*, and Malachy was determined to eradicate the evil. Soon he was called to the Bishopric of Connor and in 1132 was made Primate. His predecessor, Celsus, had

been driven by usurpers from his See. When dying he sent his crozier to Malachy, but the latter insisted on the translation being made canonically and with the consent of the Papal Legate. For 200 years a family of lay usurpers had held Armagh, who kept the title and Primate's revenues while delegating the functions. Their expulsion was no easy matter, but ultimately Malachy's patience, tact and zeal were rewarded. He labored untiringly for six years, and installed the Austin Canons at Downpatrick to assist him in the work of reform. In 1138 he resigned the Primacy and returned to his former diocese.

The following year he journeyed to Rome, taking with him six monks whom he left to be trained by St. Bernard at Clairvaux; later they formed the nucleus of the first Cistercian monastery in Ireland, established at Mellifont in 1142. The Danish invasions had much weakened the Celtic monastic system where they had not utterly destroyed it, and the introduction of the continental orders with their more systematized rules tended to foster the growth of Roman discipline and Liturgy in which the Saint saw the best hope for the future.

THE POPE conferred palliums upon Armagh and Cashel and appointed Malachy for Ireland, which enabled him to begin reforms throughout the land. The results he achieved in his lifetime were tremendous, both among clergy and laity; he neither broke the bruised reed nor extinguished the smoking flax, but was contented to work gradually and win opponents by persuasion. To a great extent he repaired in a lifetime the ruin which the Danes had wrought in both lay and ecclesiastical spheres. Six years after his first journey Malachy set forth again to Rome, but this time he was not destined to behold the Eternal City but died en route at Clairvaux, in the arms of his friend, the holy Abbot Bernard.

St. Laurence O'Toole, who was destined to consolidate further the spiritual work achieved by St. Malachy, was a young man of twenty at the time of the latter's death. Laurence was of noble birth, and his sister married Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, whose shadow falls sinister across Irish history. This same Dermot held Laurence captive for two years and treated the child with the greatest barbarity. As soon as he was released, at the age of twelve, Laurence determined to renounce his inheritance and enter the famous Celtic

monastery of Glendalough. Here he passed his most peaceful and happy years in prayer and study.

In 1161 he was most reluctantly compelled to accept the Archbishopric of Dublin; his happy seclusion was over, and henceforth Laurence steps into the limelight of a turbulent time; his life belongs no more to a monastic chronicle but to history's page.

His episcopal consecration he received from Armagh, in itself a significant innovation, for Dublin and its environs were Danish. The Danes, recently Christianized, had been under Scandinavian episcopal jurisdiction and received their Bishops from Canterbury. Hitherto these were Danes or Englishmen; in succeeding centuries they would be Anglo-Norman by race, but receiving their powers direct from Rome or Armagh, a merciful dispensation, for otherwise Dublin would have been dragged in the wake of Canterbury in the disastrous days of the Reformation.

AS ARCHBISHOP, Laurence practiced the same austerities as when he was monk, and each Lent he retired to St. Kevin's cell on the shore of the lake for a Retreat of forty days in complete solitude. This respite apart he was to become involved in political conflicts and the turmoil of the time. The Norman invaders landed in the wake of his own exiled brother-in-law, King Dermot. The Archbishop was a patriot and friend of the High King Rory O'Connor, whom he counselled to put up a strong resistance, while urging the other chieftains to lay aside their bickering and unite in the face of the foreign foe.

Of this, alas, the Celts seemed incapable; Rory was well intentioned, but inept, his far more numerous forces no match for the Norman in arms and discipline.

Before all else Laurence was a man of peace, and though he grieved for his country's woe, he urged the Irish leaders to avoid further bloodshed by recognizing Henry II as their overlord. This the majority were willing to do, since they thought they would achieve independence more easily under a ruler mostly absent upon European concerns than under a High King resident in Ireland. The astute Plantagenet flattered the chieftains and professed himself full of zeal for the Church. Excommunication for the murder of Becket was hanging over his head, so he was extremely anxious to make a favorable impression upon the Irish Bishops and clergy.

In 1178 Laurence entertained the

Papal Legate Vivian at the Synod of Dublin, and the following year attended the Lateran Council. The time that elapsed between Henry's visit to Ireland and the summoning of the Council had given the Irish time to discover how hollow were the King's promises, for although he had confirmed the chieftains' rights to their estates he had not lifted a finger to prevent the robberies of his marauding barons, and the rights of the natives were completely ignored.

Their Archbishop pleaded the cause of his countrymen wisely and well, and for the first time the Pope received an accurate account of conditions in distant Ireland. Laurence was sent back as Legate but scarcely had he arrived than he was obliged to set out once more, this time to visit Henry II and negotiate terms on behalf of poor Rory. The Saint was worn from the toils of the recent journey, bowed beneath the cares of his people, and wasted with his own austerities, but he would not refuse what help he could give to his old friend fallen upon such evil days.

News of the Archbishop's plain speaking in Rome had, however, by now reached the King's ears. Henry was furious, refused to receive Laurence and held him captive in the Benedictine Abbey of Abingdon while he himself left for Normandy. Once released, Laurence followed the King from place to place until his ex-

hausted frame collapsed and he found a refuge with the Austin canons at Eu. From his deathbed he sent a message to Henry who granted his request, fearful perhaps that unrelenting hostility might cause Laurence to be regarded as a second Becket.

Humanly speaking, the Saint's end was a sad one; he left his land a prey to dissension and foreign foes (brought in by a near relative of his own) and now he was dying far away, he who at one time thought to rest peacefully in Glendalough beneath the shadow of his native hills, his brethren around him. The monks and Abbot of Eu felt that a Saint was dying in their midst, so humble and simple was this Archbishop, so different from the great feudal prelates of the time.

His last words sound as a prophetic lament:

"Ah, foolish and misguided people, what will now become of thee? Who will cure thy dissensions? Who will heal thy wounds?"

Almost we can hear them sobbing down the centuries.

Laurence O'Toole is the last of Ireland's canonized Saints, as though the coming of the stranger dried the wells of sanctity which had gushed so freely from her midst.

Ireland's heroic age was over, her era of long martyrdom scarce commenced; St. Laurence's courageous and pathetic figure stands at the parting of the ways.

Two Read a Legend

(on the headstone of the third)

By LeGARDE S. DOUGHTY

You say this legend is the final sheet,
The last word of his genial manuscript;
What came before, he wrote with active feet
And flexing arms and candor open-lipped.

I too remember much that came before,
Which you and I together read along.
I took it for the preface, nothing more.
You say the tale complete. Are you not wrong?

* Words about Alice, chevrons, trade; a leaf
About a shotgun and a fishing-rod. . . .
Wasn't it only the preface? Wasn't it brief?
Does not the period belong to God?

CATEGORICA

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

ARMISTICE DAY

• **"IN MEMORIAM,"** by Ada Jackson, which appeared in the *"Evening Star"* of Washington, offers reflections we may well make for Armistice Day:

No tranquil ordered day of ours
But some lad paid its bloody price;
No joy that brims our hands but lives
By reason of dire sacrifice:
No love but that fulfills itself
Upon their broken loves; no nights
Of quiet sleep but others wept
Their cost on Golgotha's grim heights.

They gave their safety for our own;
For us they fought and bled and died;
Drained sorrow's cup, took on themselves
The anguish of the Crucified;
Bought our slow ease with pierced hands,
Our laughter with their piteous cries;
Our singing with pale silenced lips,
Our wonder with their blinded eyes.

Their names are writ on every flower;
On every tree their sign is set.
Birds are their words; by day and night
The very stones cry out our debt.
We will keep faith! Our hands take up
The charge their dying hands let fall—
And in an everlasting peace
We build their proud memorial.

ON BEING A MOTHER

• **MARGARET COLLINS**, in *"Scribner's,"* deplores the fact that many educated young women look down on motherhood and prefer to enter some political or sociological field:

The more educated a young woman is, the more she looks down on motherhood as a job. Talking enthusiastically of her "responsibility to society," she ignores her primary obligation to care for her children, and enters some political or sociological field.

While I was holding a job, I thought I wanted the best for my child. I was willing to pay for anything the pediatrician recommended. But, in respect to the most important factor of my child's environment, I was cheating him. I had had a \$5000 education. I could have given him myself as his teacher during those significant early years. I gave him, instead, a good cook who had never reached high school.

Persuading the modern woman to a wholehearted acceptance of the responsibilities of motherhood will not be easy. Even the sacrifice of her job is not the greatest difficulty. Has she not been constantly assured by everyone from her grandmother to the columnist in her morning paper that *mother* and *housewife* are synonymous terms?

The exponents of the "home-can-be-your-career" creed may attempt to lure her back with suggestions of the fascinating opportunities for individual expression

in making cheese soufflé for dinner or new curtains for the living-room, but no approach could be less effective.

As a matter of fact, there is no reason, not even the financial one, why the functions of *mother* and *housewife* should not be permanently separated. The former job requires all one's skill; the latter does not. For the household chores commonly visualized as concomitants of child care, the modern woman may substitute a congenial and remunerative side line. For while the care of her children necessitates a return to her home, it need not suppress any ability she may possess.

An ideology which insists on a career for a woman at the expense of her children is as foolish as one which insists that she be a complete homemaker at the expense of other interests.

GERMS IN WAR

• **MANY** are the conjectures as to what the next great war will bring in the matter of destructive agencies. A writer in *"The Digest"* thinks it may be germs:

In the fourteenth century, during the Hundred Years War, gunpowder came out of Germany to the chivalrous horror of armored knights and feudalists. In the World War, at Ypres, poison gas was wafted from Germany over the morally indignant Allied lines. Will germs from Germany (ever scientific) be next?

A respectable old German military journal, highly professional in its restrained tone, now discusses the matter in a matter-of-fact way. Certain conclusions are arrived at: faraway civilians will offer a better target than frontline soldiers; airplanes will be the most effective germ-carriers; early spring and late fall will prove the most suitable germ seasons.

Also: water, foodstuffs and domestic animals, as well as humans, will be fair game. Bombs, glass tubes, cylinders or special "germ-sowers" will disseminate the plagues. "Best" microbes would perhaps include spotted typhus, yellow fever, typhoid, paratyphoid, smallpox, cholera, dysentery. Mosquitoes and lice probably could be utilized. Chemists must busy themselves in preparation for scholarly totalitarian war.

STINGLESS BEES

• **"THE REALM OF SCIENCE"** in *"Current History"* discusses experiments to produce stingless bees. We wonder what it will be next:

Breeding experiments designed to produce a stingless bee are being conducted by Dr. Lloyd R. Watson of Alfred University with funds provided by the Guggenheim Foundation.

Dr. Watson points to the successes which have been obtained by animal breeders and plant breeders. He sees no reason why similar experiments with insects should not succeed.

To date he has succeeded in breeding a strain of bees so gentle that he is able to keep the hive in his dining room, permitting the bees to come and go by means of a hole in one of the window panes.

To accomplish his results, he has worked out a technique by which the sperm cells of the drone of one strain can be transferred with the aid of a binocular microscope and suitable instruments to the queen bee of another strain. He has succeeded in rearing workers, drones and queen bees by this method.

While anyone who has had the unfortunate experience of sitting down upon a bee at a picnic will appreciate the value of his experiments, Dr. Watson's primary purpose is not to make the world safer for picknickers. Stingless bees might be kept easily in the corner of any garden without presenting a hazard. It is fair to assume that they would revolutionize methods of bee-keeping.

He is interested also in breeding bees capable of carrying larger loads of pollen and working at lower temperatures than do the American bees. He has imported 75 strains of bees from various parts of the world as part of his experiments.

PROPAGANDA AND POETRY

• **PROPAGANDA** and poetry, even when religious, are joined only to their mutual disadvantage. When they are kept apart, each definite in the knowledge of its ends and aims, the strength of each will increase. So Father Speckbaugh writes on this topic in "Spirit," a magazine of poetry published by the Catholic Poetry Society of America:

The poet's conclusion is unmistakable. The end and aim of his whole poetic existence is poetry. His artistry is staked on the product of his pen. For him, therefore, first interests are in the making of a poem. This beautiful creation of his artist's mind is composed of a substance and a form which are unique to his art. His conscience as a writer is free from stain only when these elements are chosen according to the stipulations of true poetry. Let us see.

The substance of his poem is made of his artistic idea, his emotional state and of his use of the imagination. These are the seeds for the later growth. When each of them has its reason for existence in the work itself, then the written lines may be a poem. He knows, then, that he cannot substitute any good moral element for any of them. The deepest treatise on Holy Trinity is not of itself poetical. He must make it that. Burning devotion to and love for the rights of man will not guarantee a poetic treasure. The stuff must be of his creation. Flights about a sanctuary lamp in themselves bring us no assurance of true imagery. That content must be the product of his faculty. The inner soul of the lines of his creation may have most moral and devout connections; it is poetry only because it presents beauty in that form.

THE RUSSIAN PALATE

• **THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT** is teaching the people not only what they should read and think and say, but also what they should eat, according to Maurice Hindus, writing in "Harper's":

Russia's Commissary of Foods, the genial and energetic Mikoyan, is determined to re-educate the Russian palate. He began with catsup, and the Russians heartily refused to be inveigled into its use. He followed up with corn flakes and canned corn, which met with equally stupendous disapproval of the populace. One

obliging clerk in a grocery store outside of Moscow told a crowd of American picnickers who saw canned corn on a shelf and wanted to buy it that they must not eat it, for no one ever asked for it, and therefore it could not be any good.

But Mikoyan has not given up the fight for the re-education of the Russian palate. He is promising an advertising campaign in the American manner that will shatter the sales resistance of the Russian public to catsup and corn flakes and canned corn. Experience with the hot dog and with esquimo pie is no doubt making him confident of ultimate success in his battle against the existing food prejudices of his countrymen. How Russia loves the lowly and puffy hot dog! On hot days, on cold days, at work or at rest, the Russian is never too tired, too excited, too civil, too sullen to try one more *wurst*. They are even proud of the fact that they love their *wurstchen* as much and even more than the Germans. In one motion picture house I saw on the screen a parade of strings and strings of sausages, all kinds and sizes, all supposedly on the march from Germany to Russia under the slogan: "We have decided to change our fatherland." Even more energetic is the zest with which Russia has pounced on esquimo pie.

PRACTICAL FINANCE

• **THE "ILLUSTRIERTE BEOBACHTER"** of Munich relates a very instructive little anecdote in the matter of financial administration:

Frederick the Great of Prussia had been trying to increase the state revenue by means of various taxes and duties, but to no avail. One night at a royal banquet he asked the assembled courtiers and statesmen for their solution of this problem. Everyone replied at once with his own economic theories and in the confusion of voices nothing was heard. Finally an old General of the Hussars by the name of Ziethen said dryly: "If your Majesty desires, I will show you what happens to the money." Whereupon Ziethen took a large piece of ice from a wine pitcher, lifted it on high for inspection, passed it to his neighbor with the request that it be passed on from hand to hand to the king. By the time it reached Frederick it was about the size of a pea. "Now does your Majesty know why the money is so pitifully reduced by the time it reaches your coffers?"

The king understood the old general immediately. The courtiers were strangely silent.

FRONTIER OF THE MIND

• **THE EPIC OF AMERICA** has been a story of physical achievement. Action has been heralded as the equivalent of thought; experiment as a substitute for knowledge. Now, according to Blanche H. Dow, writing in the "Catholic World," we have need of something higher:

The only frontier which remains for America is the frontier of the mind. Physically we are grown. Statisticians tell us that we have reached the high point of a desired numerical population, and that there we are likely to remain for some time to come. Wisely or unwisely we have cleared our lands. Our forests have been laid low. Reparation and replacement, reconstruction must now concern us. We have built great cities, great roadways, great avenues of traffic and transportation. We have amassed an army and a navy and a body

of police, ostensibly to protect our persons and our property. But, unless within the next quarter of a century we are intellectually reborn, unless we begin as a people to reach toward a new level of intellectual and spiritual expression, the physical marvel of the American achievement will be nothing more than a hollow shell. It will not be worth the elaborate system of housing and protection we have provided for it. Then America, as Babylon and Syria and Rome, and every other empire state of the world which has put physical and material attainment at the apex of man's list, will go down to decay, and the recording world will add to the chronicle of glories which have passed that which was once America's.

QUEER JOBS

• *You have probably never heard of the following occupations, but nevertheless they exist right here in our own country, according to "Scientific American":*

The Census Bureau's manual of occupations lists about 25,000 ways of earning a living, but it overlooks mattress walkers, says the *Associated Press*.

Dr. Vergil Reed, acting director of the bureau, vouched, however, for this exclusive group.

He said that there are at least 100 professional mattress walkers in the country, earning their way walking the kinks out of mattresses. They stamp extra hard on hard spots, he said, and put the new mattress into a flat, even state.

Even Dr. Reed didn't know the duties attendant on some of the obscure occupations the manual lists.

Some which pique the imagination are: bogeyman, who works in glass factories; secret hand, who adds a note of chill mystery to the rubber industry; the fat man connected with the printing business, and tooth knocker out, who helps in meat packing houses.

Stickers-up, said the expert, pile pottery over the fire; spooners clean out holes for dynamite in coal mines; speeders run a species of textile spinning frame; neckers do about what one might expect, to sweaters in knitting mills; knifers-up have a place in shoe factories.

Knockers-down, off and out, and crackers-off and open, earn livings in glass factories.

PAPAL THRONES

• *"THE TABLET" of London, in its "Rome Letter" recounts a peculiar custom which took its rise after the Popes lost their temporal power in 1870:*

Every Cardinal resident in Rome has in his dwelling a Throne Room, of which the throne has, since 1870, been turned to face the wall. The throne, it is said, was in earlier days prepared in case the Pope should pay a visit to any of his Cardinals; from the date of his "imprisonment" in the Vatican it was no longer possible for him to move freely about Rome and pay his visits, so that the turning of the thrones to the wall was a protest against the position into which the Papacy had been thrust. According to the strict law of etiquette, the Cardinals' thrones were not solely for the Pope's use when he came to visit them, but each Cardinal had the right to his own throne for his personal use. Thus it was that one of the Cardinals of that period, Cardinal Bonaparte, who was raised to the purple in 1868, refused to follow the general movement of protest, and kept his throne in its normal position

until his death in 1895. His throne was one that had been used by Napoleon I.

After the Lateran Treaty the Cardinals all replaced their thrones in the normal position. It is understood that the Sacred Congregation of Ceremonies is shortly to issue a final decision which will clarify the doubt which still exists.

MOVEMENT OR HABIT?

• *LITTLE INCIDENTS like the following, which appeared in the "New York Times," give one an understanding of the difference between the English and German characters:*

There seems to be a possibility that eventually the forty-hour week will implant the week-end habit among the French. Shop and store employees have lost no time in devoting their two day's leisure to camping and hiking, just as the English do. French housewives are much less happy about the closing of the shops for two days running—Sundays and Mondays. They complain that their shopping arrangements are upset, and they have been so insistent about it that retail food shops are to return to the six-day week.

It isn't the first time that the English week-end habit has had its admirers abroad. Germany once became interested in it in a serious German way and sent a very serious German to London to look into it.

"How did the movement begin?" he asked an Englishman.

"Movement? What movement?"

"The week-end movement."

"It isn't a movement, it's a habit," said the Englishman.

That was about as near as the German and English minds got to each other.

HILAIRE BELLOC

• *"THE CHURCH STILL HAS BELLOC" by Valentine Long, O.F.M., in "Light," is an excellent appreciation of the writings of this great apologist of the Catholic Church:*

In writing history, Belloc heightens his effectiveness by an art which rarely misses. He can arrange those words of his, and a drama could not pack more interest. His characters from the past come alive on the page as does the past itself. He has them talk, eat, sleep, work, sin and pray, like the human beings they must have been. And he prefers to have them do whatever they are at against a background. He does not record them stranded vaguely in a century, nowhere in particular; he throws a setting around them. If they quarrelled they did the thing somewhere, if only in an alley. If they paced up and down a garden alone on a Holy Thursday night, at least the moon was looking on. If they stepped up to the scaffold or guillotine, maybe the sun was sinking behind them. If they did anything, in fact, the world could not have vanished from around them like a great burst bubble, leaving them totally detached of a sudden, the centre of a vacuum. And is it not for history to act upon the self-evidence of such reality and capture life accordingly? The earth has ever seemed a stage, with appropriate scenery for whatever happens, rather than a graveyard of dead men who simply forget to lie down. Nor will the mere chroniclers, for all their diligence, convince differently. Life is too overwhelming an argument.



Joachim Beckes, C. P., Wukl, Hunan

Dreamers in Yüanling

By THE SISTERS OF CHARITY

THE late John Boyle O'Reilly gave expression to a thought that provides a theme for an article on the proposed new school for girls at our compound in Yüanling, China. "The dreamer lives forever," the poet wrote, "the toiler dies in a day." It is, then, of the hopeful dreams of young dreamers in far-off China that we write today. They are dreams of folk not necessarily young in years—as the time-line runs—but souls young in the mission field, souls zealously eager to do things for God.

At Yüanling when our Sisters went there in 1924, they found a field lacking in almost every possible comfort and giving promise of little advancement for years ahead. Bandits roamed over the vast territory in inland China and our missionaries had their zeal tested to the limit. However, they were a brave courageous quintette who, thirteen years ago, offered themselves as pioneers to initiate the work of our Community for the salvation of souls in the Far East.

In 1933, six more earnest and apostolic souls sailed for the distant shores to aid those already seasoned in missionary activities among pagan people. One of the original five had meantime made the supreme sacrifice, offering her young life on the altar of immolation and consecrating forever the work of her sister

missionaries by her noble example. Sister Marie Devota Ross lived many years in a few. What others have since reaped, they attribute to her selfless spirit of zeal in action and now her prayers as intercessor before the throne of God.

All this, dear reader, is but a prelude to our plea of the moment. The dreamers of today are buoyed with the hope of seeing their aspirations realized. Our ambitions are fired to rear within the enclosure of the Yüanling property a new school for girls. The need is pressing, and it will insure greater opportunities for accomplishing work in larger fields than is possible to achieve under present limitations.

In 1934, we opened the first Catholic school for girls in Yüanling to be registered under the government of China. Bishop O'Gara, C.P., secured a building formerly used as the post office of the city, renting it for the Mission school. There was nothing suggestive of educational aims about the old structure, and provision for classrooms was small indeed. As we had at the time only children of the first and second grades, we were grateful to be able to provide for them in quarters far from adequate.

In November of that year, however, our work met with temporary set-backs. As the rumors of the dread approach of the Reds spread,

we were forced to flee hurriedly, leaving Yüanling for Hankow. After our escape from Yüanling, the little school was continued for a short time by Miss Koa, our principal, but when the city was formally attacked by the Red army, all work had to be discontinued.

ON our return to the mission the next March, and on the completion of the annual ceremonies attendant upon the Chinese New Year, our pupils were housed in the Passionist Minor Seminary building. The change was to us a most acceptable one. We hopefully resumed our work among the children. The new school, unlike the old post office, was near our own mission compound. The classrooms were inviting and of ample proportions. We were happy in a change that promised an increase in the registrations of pupils. A necessary change put an end to our rejoicing. The junior seminarians, aspirants to the priesthood, were recalled from their temporary exile at Wukl, a nearby Mission. We Sisters had to vacate the cheerful premises and seek anew for accommodations for our children.

In the dilemma we had recourse to classrooms formerly used in the orphanage, but this move had its disadvantages also. The community residence, provided after the destruction

Here was the beginning of our school problem. A disastrous fire completely destroyed our Convent and school annex a few years ago—just after additions had been made. Since then we have shifted from place to place. It is absolutely necessary that we start a modern school at once. We are already far behind the non-Catholic organizations, who have facilities—which we lack—for reaching pagan children



of our comfortable convent by fire, is situated, unlike our original convent, outside the city wall and in close proximity to the river Yüan, necessitated a long walk for the children attending the school. It also subjected them to recurrent dangers resulting from the annual flood. Despite the first difficulty, we registered over one hundred pupils, and we were happy. As to the second drawback, we were at the mercy of the overflow of angry waters when the yearly flood-season returned. When the tide rose, we had to move everything to the top floor of the building and patiently await the subsidence of the river. But all the while the classes continued to grow in inverse ratio to the space in which to accommodate them. As an alternative, with the re-opening of the second mission of the Sisters at Wuki in 1936, the orphans were transferred there, thus providing room for our four grades.

Now—in 1937—we are again faced with the problem of providing for an increase in the number of pupils, and also the obligation of adding two grades. Although we have no place, we are loath to refuse them training in a Catholic school. There is no available building which can be rented or purchased, so the Sisters find themselves on the horns of a new dilemma. Either they will have to refuse to take the new applicants for the grammar school work, or they must withdraw the children from the first and second grades. Neither plan meets with favor.

The hope of the Church in China is in the young, and we cannot in conscience allow the helpless little ones, particularly our Christian children, to forego the training they would receive in our school. Although we are registered and cannot teach

religion in the school, we may have doctrine classes after class. In this way we often interest the pagan children in the Christian religion.

What was to be done to remedy the situation? Holding a court of ways and means, we were finally advised that if we could possibly raise funds for the purpose, we might erect a school of our own. This is to be on the land purchased for the new hospital and convent, within the city walls and near the Central Mission. The solution of the vexing problems seemed at hand, and we all pledged our best efforts toward securing needed funds for the project. The dreamers felt the realization of their ambitions was drawing near. So we all set to work to plan.

We need a modern school in the interior of China, one comparable at least with those in Yüanling maintained by the secular authorities. We even dared to think of erecting a school building after the models in the United States. The one almost insuperable difficulty was the raising of funds to start the project. Meanwhile we kept dreaming, envisioning realities that the most sanguine among us knew only to be in the shadowy distance. However, we did not lose sight of the goal. And prayer could bring about wonders, so we added spiritual forces to our practical planning and took the first step.

With permission of superiors, a chosen committee visited some of the schools in Yüanling. In every instance we met with only the most cordial reception and courteous attention on the part of the school officials. Principals showed us through their buildings; teachers explained the methods of instruction and even had the classes demonstrate their work. Outline plans were submitted for our examination; results of the work of the students were displayed

in posters of various kinds; library facilities gave evidence of the advance in providing the daily city newspapers for the children, with passages marked for special attention; books were shown translated into Chinese, many of them our own American publications such as the Boy Scouts Series etc. All this information was imparted to us in the most fluent English, as the teachers all speak both languages.

AMONG the kind attentions shown us during this visit to the schools was a courteous offer of the Director of the Normal School to give us a closer insight of the workings of his special department. Mr. Wu had been loaned to the city of Yüanling by the Department of Education in Peiping to give a course in training to the Hunan normal classes. This gentleman had been to America and was able to show us many improvements which he had introduced into the Chinese schools as a result of his tour of inspection abroad. The educational system of the United States deeply interested him. In observing the details of his normal and practice schools, we marvelled at the perfection of the gymnasium and playground system and the extensive details which he had worked out for the betterment of all other phases of his department.

We were taken to the dormitories, thence to the Industrial School, passing en route through the Primary Building. It chanced to be the hour of dismissal in this course, and we stood aside to note the method adopted. Following the singing of the national anthem—a sacred and daily obligation in China—the entire body of children marched out in single file and in perfect silence, until they reached the posts designated for the several divisions to break line. One

portion turned to the right, another to the left, according to the direction of their homes. No teacher stood to guard, and not a child left his or her place until the assigned point for breaking line was reached.

SOME of the children recognized us as they passed by, but eager as they were to speak to us, no one thought of leaving his place. As they reached the free corner, however, they waited to greet us cordially. Our little Sister Therese, a native Chinese, was with us. We asked her if the order which we had observed was the usual custom. She replied that it was, and that the schools had been following this method of training for four or five years. Obedience, in the Chinese code, is one of the cardinal virtues.

We finally reached the Boys' Industrial School. We were privileged to visit both the old school and the new buildings across the river. Again we experienced the same gracious and courteous attention. We were shown samples of work made by the boys, going first to the sales room. Here we saw specimens of their handicraft: soap, talcum powder, cold cream, candles (large, medium, and the smaller size used for the decoration of cakes, etc.), vases exquisitely wrought and boxes of all sizes and designs.

The Director personally saw to our conveyance over the river to these buildings. He was unceasing in his attentions and eager to answer all our educational inquiries. One of the special exhibits of which he was justly proud was a large clearing about a *li* from the buildings proper. On it hundreds of trees had been planted by the boys so that they could extract their own *tung* oil for the paint they use in their decorative work. The evidences of originality, skill and taste in all their de-

signs were a revelation to all of us.

And now, what shall all this investigating have to do with practical plans for our school, the school of which we dream hourly, and which we trust our good friends will help to make a reality? When we learned from the kind Mr. Wu, that the approximate cost of their school was \$45,000 (and it was such a one we want for future developments at Yüanling) our eyes looked our surprise and our hearts sank at the very thought of so huge a sum. Mr. Wu, on the contrary, thought the amount not at all beyond our reach, but he did suggest ways and means by which we could save considerably in the general details of the structure. He reminded us also that the school we saw was built of materials found right in Yüanling, which offered a brighter outlook.

We had thought to give one hour to the inspections of schools but after four very profitable hours we felt we had made some practical progress toward the goal of our ambitions. On our return to the convent, we rehearsed the story of our visit, of the gracious attitude of the several heads of departments in receiving us, reserving as a closing item the price which Mr. Wu seemed to think we should have to meet our prospective building. This caused the listeners considerable surprise also, but we reassured them of possible reductions in the outlay and that we could follow this model on a smaller scale.

So, what shall be done for us? What may we hope for from our friends in the States to help us realize this long-cherished dream in Yüanling? We need the school this very moment, and if our little ones are to be saved to the Faith we cannot delay in providing them with proper educational facilities. Home missions, we know, have their crying

needs, but they have also many sources for meeting them. Here we have but one source of revenue, and we shall be grateful for even the smallest donation toward the cause.

EVERYWHERE the native Sister works beside the foreign missionary Sister, and in our little school Sister Therese is Vice Principal. She is most anxious to see the first spadeful of earth broken for the foundations, as the work is very dear to her heart. You at home will help us, we are confident. You have never failed to meet an appeal, and you will not prove recreant to the trust reposed in you now. We shall be grateful beyond the power of words to express for any and every sort of contribution, small or large.

I hope the readers of this article are sufficiently impressed with the fact that we cannot, under present circumstances, maintain the Church's stand as an educating force. Both the government schools and those of non-Catholic missionary organizations are far ahead of us. The time is past when we can be acceptable in our make-shift, poorly equipped, crowded quarters. It will be useless for us to lament, in future years, that we have not Catholic representative men and women—if now we do not take advantage of the opportunity to mold and influence those who will build the Chinese nation.

What an irreparable disaster it will be if our missionaries of today fail to give to China the Catholic culture offered to it by the pioneer priests in the Far East! Our appeal is strong, sincere, urgent. The response, we hope, will be a generous and prompt one.

Let our slogan be—yours and ours —“A New School for Yüanling.” God providing, kind hearts sustaining, our dream shall come true.

Sister Miriam Therese, the first Chinese Sister of Charity in Hunan, at the blackboard. In make-shift classrooms and with primitive equipment the Sisters have accomplished as much as could be expected. Both the obligation to use every means to spread the Faith, and the urgent desire of pagans to study at the Sisters' School has prompted them to appeal for funds



Mission Glimpses

By MICHAEL ANTHONY CAMPBELL, C.P.

THERE is perhaps in China no more lovable class of people than the Chinese beggars. I do not mean the professional beggars who work for a boss: the studied poverty of their dress betrays their insincerity. The tone of their voice, their whole look reveals that they are making a rather good living and are not really as poor as they pretend to be. Still you will find many winning youngsters among this class. Unable to find other work, they take up this trade and by it make a living. They do not get all that is given to them, but they do hold on to enough of it in the long run to keep them alive.

The Chinese beggars whom I have in mind are those individuals or families who are really poverty-stricken. They have lost their jobs or have lost their homes and wander about the streets of the city or from town to town begging for their sustenance. They look poor and are poor. Their clothes are the rags of real poverty. Their faces are thin and lack color. Their voices are weak. They move about at a very slow pace and are forced to rest often. They never demand anything as do the professional beggars.

They ask you for an alms quietly, for their poverty pleads more eloquently than their tongue ever could. If you give it to them they are most appreciative; if you refuse, they might repeat their plea a few times but rarely will you find one who will become abusive. Like holy Job, they accept evil without complaint. Thus they go on from month to month while they are on their feet, and from day to day while they are on the flat of their back, until the very moment of their death, the most patient, long-suffering, uncomplaining, appreciative people I have ever met.

Dismas had been in the army for some time, fighting the bandits and Reds here and there about Hunan. He was a tall fellow, only a little over twenty years of age. He had given some of the best years of his life to the army. The hot summers and cold winters in the mountains, the poor food and scanty clothing, the long marches and rain-soaked bedding had taken their effect—as eventually happens with so many of the Hunanese soldiers. At the beginning of 1936 Dismas became a victim of tuberculosis. Unable to keep

up with the army he was left behind at Yüanling to shift for himself.

He had little strength. This he used to the best of his ability, dragging his bare feet from door to door, begging for rice. Some days, after going a quarter of a mile along the street, he would have to stop and turn back in fear that he would not be able to reach his hovel. Certainly the amount of rice he obtained in that short distance could not make him stronger. Daily he became weaker. Daily his excursions of begging became shorter, until he took to his bundle of straw never to get up again. His covering was a few burlap bags.

How calmly and quietly he would lie there, knowing that he would never get better again. Did he curse the Reds or the wealthy? Never. Did he complain that he had been neglected until his disease had gone too far? No. Only a few words at a time: "May I have some brown sugar? . . . I would like a sour pickle." Or perhaps it would be an orange or a few peanuts he would call for. In any case, he always smiled his thanks. His cure was impossible long before he even left the army. After two months of patient suffering Dismas went to the re-

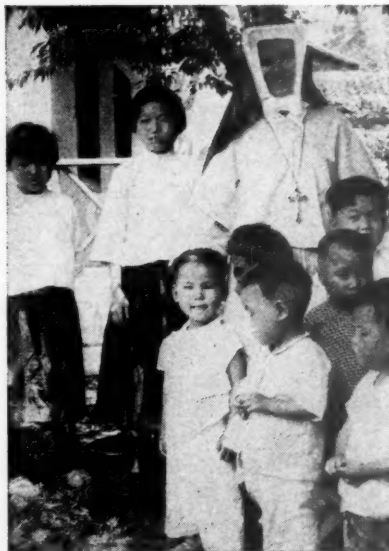
ward which he had merited so well.

May was an infant. Her mother was blind—her father a cripple. This family lived under the platform of the open air stage not far from the rice market in Yüanling. The Reds had driven them out of the Yungshun district and they had come to the city to find a living. Of course the mother could do nothing. Besides being blind she had to take care of the baby. She had never seen her own child. But how she would smile when the passers-by told her how lovely her baby looked. The infant was sick most of the time, so that the parents were most thankful for any help given it.

THE father could move from place to place by rolling over and over on his side. Often we saw him on Main Street, slowly making his way and pushing his tin alms-plate ahead of him before each turn of his body. Rain or shine he and his family had to eat. On rainy days he wore nothing but a pair of trousers as he rolled along the muddy streets. He called out little as he made his way about; he smiled much. One could never realize from the contented expression on his face at all times how much he must have suffered and worried for the support of his little family. He did his best. He loved his family and supported them. God must have loved him.

Whether the day was pleasant or cloudy, Justin, a fifteen year old lad, lay just outside the main gate of the Yüanling Mission. During the first half of 1936, he could only limp about, due to a very large sore on his left hip which was probably caused by some form of tuberculosis. Every day he came to the mission gate, prostrated himself on the stone flags and exposed the large sore to the gaze of all who passed. It was a sorry sight to see such a young lad suffering so much. Most of the time he would lie there with eyes shut, listening to the people as they walked by.

Once in a while he would make a plea for charity. Thus he supported himself. He couldn't do more than that then. Towards the middle of the year his sore got so much better that he could hobble about from door to door. With the grandest



The children throughout China are devoted to the native and foreign Sisters. Sr. M. Joseph, another of the native Sisters of the Community at Yuanling, smiles with some of those in her charge

smile on his face he went about, slowly, visiting at their homes the special patrons whom he had contacted at the mission gate. Justin often goes to church. His faith and hope seem to be reflected in his radiant face.

Just opposite Justin's place outside the gate there was another lad of about the same age and in the same position, with a crutch by his side. This young boy had a very sore foot, for the bottom of his heel was half eaten away. Rarely would he turn his head to look up, but he could view the people at a distance as they came up the street. He had some sort of a mat under him to make his long stays in that position a little more comfortable. He could smile but little—so intense was his pain—yet never did he lose patience. No matter how small the coin that was dropped before him, he was always satisfied. Thus day by day he eked out an existence.

Then one day a call came to the dispensary for one of the Sisters. Who was the patient but this little cripple! He had smallpox. He knew he was going to die, so he asked the Sister to baptize him. He knew about the God of the Catholic Church. He had been gazing at "God's Church" written in Chinese characters over the main gate for all those months, and he had been thinking. Not only did he ask for baptism, but what surprised Sister most was the fact that he was telling the other beggars with whom he was living that they too should believe in the God of the Catholic Church. He became a little missionary on his deathbed. How can anyone doubt whether God loves the Chinese or not? How can anyone ask the question: "Is it worthwhile to work amongst them?"

It is a familiar sight in the summer time to see people walking down the main street of Yüanling munching on an ear of corn, much as you would see a person in America eating an ice cream cone. Corn is very popular in our Vicariate. It is the poor man's food. In Li Chia Wan, one of the out-missions of Yung-shun, when the price of rice is too high for the Christians' pocketbooks they buy corn and live on that.

During the hot months we see at important corners along the main streets of Hunan cities, a barrel filled with a sort of jello. Nearby stands a table with spoons, made of china, and dishes on it. Behind the table is the proprietor. A few coppers will buy a dish of this jello, which is supposed to be very cooling. It is made



An orphan takes care of an orphan. Grateful for all the Sisters have done for her, this Hunan girl takes care of a new foundling

from a sort of cucumber that grows on a large vine. There is one of these vines just outside Uen Chang Gate at Yüanling. There is one bad feature about this jello: it has the reputation of being a carrier of typhoid. Foreigners rarely eat it and are loath to let those under their charge do so.

While walking along the market street of any village or town in China the visitor learns that people are the same all over the world in the business of buying and selling or making a bargain. Listening to the conversation of the clerk and the buyer one is almost certain to hear the clerk say: "They are all the same." It does not matter whether the fruit is peaches or oranges or persimmons. They are all supposed to be the same size. Then after the dealer has placed the last of the purchase into the basket of the shopper the latter will say: "Add another one." This is always done promptly. These two expressions are constantly ringing through the air on market day.

Benedict and myself were coming up the hill on the home side of Two Bridge Creek. It was a hot day and we were thirsty. At the top of the hill we could see a woman at a small stand selling oranges. We decided to buy some. "What is the price of your oranges?" asked my Mass

server. The woman noticed that I was a foreigner and hesitated a bit before her answer. "Ten cents," she said.

"I'll give you five cents," said Benedict. She laughed, and we did too. She was amused at the sudden drop of the price on our part, showing that we were not from the country; and we at her price of ten cents. "We will give you seven." "All right." The sale was concluded. This is the usual procedure when buying anything along the road. Take the first price and immediately split it in half. This produces a sort of shock in the clerk. He learns that you know his tricks. Then not to waste too much time, the buyer makes an offer a little below three quarters of the first price.

When the Chinese want to clean out an empty five-gallon oil-can they just throw in a bunch of fire-crackers and the can is ready for use. Cooking oil can then be placed in it without any fear of taint.

The boatmen along the Chinese rivers are particular about the cleanliness of their boat decks. One must always wash one's feet of any mud that might have been collected while walking down the bank before boarding the boat. The mop is always in their hands, cleaning away any water that might cause anyone to slip on the deck.

An ordinary sight at Paotsing is that of women at the creek, washing clothes. Close by, on both sides of the bank are spread long strips of newly made cloth undergoing the bleaching process in the burning hot sun. A man with a small wooden bowl on the end of a long stick is sprinkling water from the creek on the cloth. He continues at this work as long as the sun is high.

No wonder the bamboo tree plays such an important part in Chinese art. If you could sit at the office window of the Wuki Mission and see the young bamboo trees along the ridge of the opposite hill, silhouetted against the brightening morning sky, your sense of the delicate and beautiful would be thrilled to the core. Another thing about the bamboo tree: I do not believe I have ever seen a surface so softly and so smoothly tinted as the interior surface of the bark of the bamboo when it falls from the tree. The first time I noticed this was while traveling on the road to Hua Uen, within sight of that Miao city in Hunan.



The Customs House at Yüanling is a barge anchored in the river. Some of the Fathers have just landed after a trip from Hankow. During the last year the missionaries have taken advantage of bus service. Transportation facilities have been withdrawn because of the war, so that now they must go back to mules and sampans

DURING the hot months the fishermen keep the fish they have caught that day alive in the water with a string through their gills. At Wusu if we want a fish we call to one of the boats anchored in the creek. If the fisherman has caught any he will untie one and bring it, alive and fresh, to us.

Among those things we use the Chinese seem to like cigarettes, coffee, baked beans and gum. The first two act as a stimulant, the beans go good as a vegetable with rice and the gum is just the thing for the long walks which the Chinese take.

In 1933, when I went into the Miao district to celebrate Sunday Mass, I witnessed an athletic meet of all the schools in the surrounding four counties. There were 15,000 boys at the meet. Almost all took part in the broad jump—the only event I witnessed. They jumped with all their parade clothes on, including their hats! It was poorly organized then, but it is not so now. There has been a very noticeable improvement.

Last fall there was a meet in Yüanling. It was considered so important in the life of the city that school was closed for six days, until the last event had taken place. They had running events from short dashes to five miles for high school boys, hurdles, basket ball, shot-put, javelin, discus, pole-vault, tennis, soccer, relay races, volley ball, high jump, broad jump and many other events. There were no colleges to be represented. All participants were grammar and high school students.

The Miaos admire athletic prowess. The person who can throw a stone a great distance has great

"face" with them. The Miao women like jewelry. On market day they are decked out with much silver trimmings. The silversmith is one of the busiest men at the market.

A point in Chinese psychology. The old type of Chinese, like those who live in the mountains of Hunan, cannot see any reason for taking exercise for the sake of exercise. The seminarians and myself were climbing a mountain at Wuki. We had climbed half way when we came to a house. The people asked us where we were going. We said: "To the top of the mountain."

"What are you going up there for?" "To see the view," we replied. They couldn't understand it, for we heard them remarking: "There is nothing up there; no firewood, no cattle, no corn—just a barren top."

When sleeping in a Chinese inn one will often find under the outer edge of the *p'u k'ai*, or mattress, a heavy stick about three feet long with which to defend oneself should robbers enter the room during the night.

One style of cooking chicken in China is to chop the chicken bones, with the meat, into small pieces and make a stew. Since the bones cannot be separated from the meat except in the mouth, it is no breach of etiquette—at least in Hunan—to spit the bones out on the floor. This is commonly done at banquets.

There is a garden tool on display in hardware stores and in use in many American suburbs which comes from China. It is the bamboo lawn rake. It collects all the loose grass.

In China this collected grass is often used for fuel.

WHEN the Japanese barber in Hankow is handed a silver dollar for a haircut he accidentally, as it were, drops it on the stone floor and with a keen ear listens to its ring. This is his polite way of not offending a customer by testing the veracity of the coin before his face. He then picks up the coin and very gracefully gives the change.

There are many other ways of telling whether or not a coin is a counterfeit in use in China. One is to hold the silver dollar lightly between the thumb and index fingers. After blowing hard on the edge of the dollar, the holder brings it rapidly to the ear to listen to its ring. Another way is to balance a dollar on the end of each index finger and gently tap them together. This seems to be the method most in use.

The Chinese seem very slow to appreciate the inherent danger of highly combustible things. Fire after fire is caused by carelessness in this regard, and still they never seem to learn. For example, in Yüanling an old couple were drying a room full of oil paper which was hanging from the rafters. To complete the job more quickly they added rosin to the fire in the middle of the floor. Of course the whole house burned down. Four adjoining houses were also destroyed.

IMAGINE a group of road workers smoking close by a quantity of loose gun powder! Certainly something happened! One fellow tapped his pipe near the powder and in an instant three were so badly burned that it was three months before they

were able to walk again. Many a truck has burned up due to an unfamiliarity with the nature of gasoline. It gives one the shivers to see firecrackers by the thousands going off close by barrels of gasoline, as the natives give a friend a send-off at the bus station.

There is one rubric that most Chinese observe before going in for a swim. As they are about to enter the water they put a quantity of spittle on the index finger of each hand and insert this into their ears. They claim that the spittle forms a bubble which keeps the water from getting into their ears.

Red rice! Yes, that is the color of the rice they eat at the Wuki Mission. The rice is quite delicious. People from Ko Sha, near Yungshun, like you to praise their rice for it truly is one of the best grades in China. The kernels are big, and pure white.

At Chinese inns you can buy your meals *table d'hote* or *a la carte*. When the boys went for long trips and had to take their meals at an inn it all depended on how hungry they were whether they would eat one way or the other. If they were very hungry after a long walk they would certainly eat *table d'hote*, for they figured that it was cheaper for them. They could eat all the rice they wanted for the stipulated price, whereas if they had to buy the rice bowl by bowl, the cost would be half again as expensive.

While at an out-mission in the country it is never safe to let any little foreign gadget out of one's hands or sight. Some native will surely pick it up to examine it. These

people, like most others, have an innate curiosity and an urge to experiment with strange inventions. I remember once at Shinsipin that, after I left the room for a couple of minutes, I came back and found the room filled with smoke. Someone had fiddled with the damper. That night my alarm went off at the wrong time. Some busybody had turned the alarm hand. The next morning when I went to use my fountain pen there was no ink in it. One of the visitors wanted to see what would happen by pulling out the little lever on the Waterman. Just imagine what would happen to a camera if it got into strange hands!

The natives here are fond of the swallow. When these little birds build their home within the house the Chinese as a sign of welcome place a support under the nest to prevent it from falling.

While walking between the flooded rice fields, which are lying idle in the early spring, one frequently sees little heaps of lime a few yards apart. This is a method common in this part of the country for renewing the strength of the soil. There is much lime in this Vicariate.

It is a frequent sight to see a little girl of three or four years, leading by a cord a large water buffalo weighing close to a ton. The buffalo can at times be very vicious, yet the children do not seem to fear them.

Once, while passing by a cow, a peculiar sound struck my ear; the cow was wearing a bell made from bamboo.

The Chinese boy knows the value of a pleasant smile. Whenever the

boys of Yungshun wanted to go out fishing, swimming, or flying kites it was always Hsiong Er who came to ask permission. The boys knew that Hsiong Er's smiling countenance could not be refused.

WHEN a Chinese carpenter here puts in a board floor, wall or ceiling, he does not cut all the boards of equal width, nor does he cut one board that is the same width at each end. He cuts each board to get the greatest surface possible. The boards are fitted together, keeping them as parallel to the wall as possible, and at the end one board is cut to fill in the uneven gap.

In Yüanling when husband and wife walk down the street the wife walks ahead and the husband a few yards behind. They do not talk to each other. If there should be two or more couples walking, the women walking ahead talk among themselves, as also do the men who follow behind.

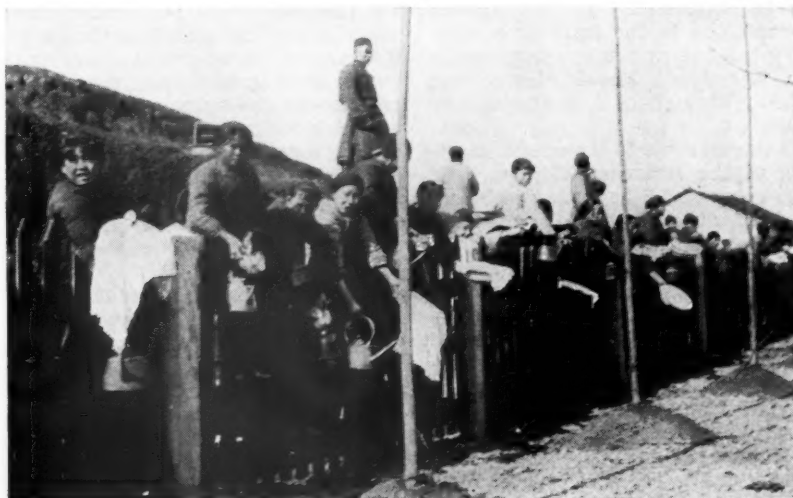
The first time the boys of Yüanling saw a golf ball they called it a "hen's egg ball." They call gum "rubber candy."

One of a set of twins of a Hankow military officer died. At the funeral there were two coffins; one of wood in which lay the dead child, and the other of paper. The father thought that the dead child would be lonesome for his brother if he did not see that other coffin.

The bridges across many creeks in this Vicariate consist of a log or two laid across from one side of the creek to the other. To cross these bridges with ease and alacrity one would have to possess some of the skill of a lumberjack.

This looks like family groups bringing relief to sit-down strikers—but it is not. It is simply a number of catechumens with their hot water kettles, basins, etc. who are leaning over the fence at the request of the missionary photographer. The kettles, of course, are always available for tea.

These catechumens have studied doctrine at their homes for some time. They come to the mission to make their final preparations for the reception of baptism



Our Future Naval Leaders

Father Sheehy Was Recently Appointed By President Roosevelt to the Board of Visitors of the Naval Academy. His Inspection Prompted the Following Article.

By MAURICE S. SHEEHY

MY NAVAL career came uncomfortably close to having an untimely beginning. About five miles outside Annapolis, Chesapeake Bay crept up on us and through its tributaries sent whirling streamlets of water across our pathway. The congressman and the university president to whom I had extended the hospitality of my car became quite concerned, each having only one life to give for his country and each maintaining that swimming was not in the program of the Board of Visitors of the United States Naval Academy. When the car finally became stalled, my duty as chauffeur was clear.

"Don't give up the ship," I reminded them. "As captain of this vessel I dare not leave my boat. I have no objections if either or both of you push me out of here."

"We'll take off our clothes and try," volunteered one of my guests. For a fleeting moment I had a vision—a delusion of grandeur if you will—of arriving in Annapolis propelled by several very distinguished but trouserless individuals. Unfortunately or fortunately, modern science came along in the form of a high-wheeled bus and we arrived safely on dry land. Naval history was cruelly cheated of a dramatic episode.

I was en route to the annual meeting of the Board of Visitors. I do not know why I happened to be selected for the Board. We of the Navy however, learn quickly to obey without asking questions. Had I known the fascinating hours ahead of me, I might have responded a bit more enthusiastically to the request to serve on the Board, which is composed of five senators, six congressmen, and seven "educators." The last term admits of a very liberal interpretation, as my presence in the group indicates. The years have

merely deepened my appreciation of my ignorance in matters educational, an ignorance which reaches its densest point, however, in the field described as "nautical education."

I know nothing about ships. I know very little about the United States Navy. I have been associated all my life with students of college age, about whom I know just enough to have curiosity stimulated, and my three days at Annapolis presented me with some new horizons in the field of character education. Perhaps these were suggested by a few persons I might mention.

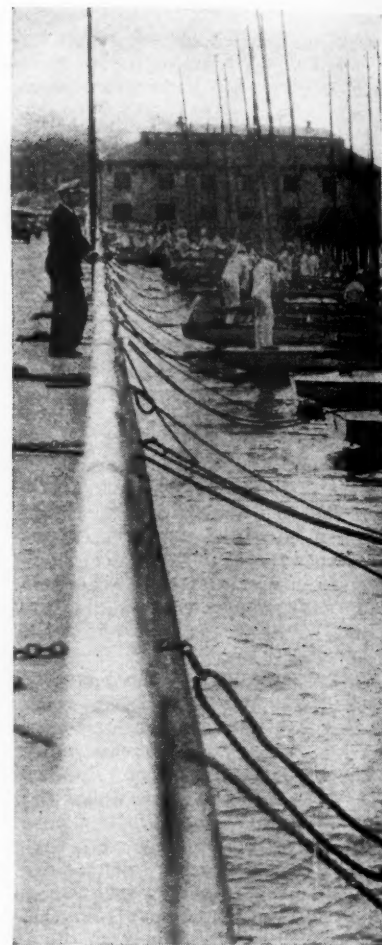
The first was a tall, broad-shouldered, red-haired lad from Illinois who appeared before the Board of Visitors at the request of Senator Walsh. Fate had dealt unkindly with him, but there was no word of complaint from his lips. As a Navy man, he felt he should "take it." Fighting for the glory of his school in an intercollegiate water polo match several months ago, he was struck over an eye and its vision was impaired. As a consequence, he was certified for discharge next June when the remainder of his class is graduating. The straightforward manner of the young man evoked a sympathetic reaction in the heart of one of the school presidents who made this generous proposal.

"Would you be interested in a post teaching mathematics at fifteen hundred dollars a year?" he asked.

Quick as a flash came the young man's reply:

"Yes—but that's just another job!"

There was a startled glance wafted from one university president to another, and for the instant the Visitors stood at the bar of justice. Looking down upon us from that idealism which had been instilled during four years of training, this young man said equivalently:



At the Naval Academy every effort is

"You laymen don't understand what it means to be a naval officer."

Some weeks before my visit to Annapolis, I talked with a young man who ten years ago failed in his studies there. The years have not been unkind to him from many viewpoints. His income is approximately ten times as high as that of the Commanding Officer of the Naval Academy. And yet he felt that he had missed something in life.

"You don't know what it means to sit with a gang of the finest fellows in the world on a calm, moonlit night as a warship cuts through the sea. Unless you have stood on the deck of a ship that is battling its way through mountainlike waves when the winds ride high and the darkness challenges all the manhood that is in you, why you—you just haven't lived."

I acknowledged my guilt with a nod. And then to compensate for my ignorance, I threw back at him the verse of Thomas Bailey Aldrich:

*"In the hush of the autumn night
I hear the voice of the sea."*



made to build up among midshipmen an interest in small boats, in order to keep their attention constantly seawards.

In the hush of the autumn night
It seems to say to me:
Mine are the winds above
Mine are the caves below,
Mine are the dead of yesterday,
And the dead of long ago."

(Poetry is all right," said a keen young midshipman to me later, "but you can't study Browning in between math and a course in marine engineering. That's why we don't write poetry, but we feel it.")

There was another young man who, more than any other, deluged me with vivid memories during my three days at Annapolis. I call him young for he has the face and step of twenty, although his greying hairs suggest fifty, and his official records point to the zero age of sixty-four. Admiral David F. Sellers entered Annapolis when he was sixteen. His career has been studded with achievements and honors. He has had the highest responsibility the United States Navy can give—that of Commander of the Fleet. The midshipmen love him and the officers of Annapolis revere him. He

is not only the Commanding Officer, he is a symbol that gives quantity, quality and direction to the best effort of many a youth. His whole character can be epitomized in the appraisal one young man gave of him, "You love to salute a fellow like that."

"The Naval Academy," Admiral Sellers is speaking, "is more than an institution of learning, for it must hold itself responsible for traits of character and fundamental habits as well as knowledge. It must instill in men those deep-rooted qualities of resourcefulness and absolute dependability which are the very essence of sea training, and always have been since man entrusted his first flimsy craft to the vagaries of the sea."

THE following standards of conduct suggested to entering plebes make more explicit the thought of Admiral Sellers:

"FIRST: A naval Officer not only tells the truth regardless of the consequences to himself, but he scorns the very appearance of untruth and

of evasion of the truth. Do not think that by telling a part of the truth and concealing the remainder you are doing all that is expected and required of you. The highest standards of character are particularly vital in the Navy. The fundamental factor of an officer's value to the Service is his trustworthiness. Lacking that he lacks all. An officer's word is his bond.

"SECOND: The Navy teaches that no matter how hard the task assigned, we are expected to accomplish it. You will not be set tasks beyond your powers, if you are resolute. Obstacles are things to climb over, not from which to turn back.

"THIRD: Avoid the use of profane, obscene and filthy language.

"FOURTH: It goes without saying that an officer does not take what does not belong to him. The sentiment of the Regiment is against the retention of any midshipman who is guilty of theft. You are told this in order that, through any mistaken sense of kindness or loyalty to another midshipman, you will not protect a man who is a thief.

"Class spirit is commendable. All who have gone through the Naval Academy look back through pleasant memories of class good fellowship; but it is indefensible to shield another who has knowingly failed to accord to the Naval Service that honorable position which generations of midshipmen have earned for it. Such action will bring not honor but dishonor upon your class and the Regiment.

"FIFTH: It is important that a man keep his body clean and healthy.

"SIXTH: It is a tradition of the Naval Academy that a midshipman fights to the last. This does not mean that each midshipman goes around with a chip on his shoulder, but that he does not quit. In athletic games you will see the team at the end of the game, whether they are ahead or behind, fighting just as hard as at the beginning of the game.

"SEVENTH: Officer-like character means to all of us in the Navy the proper co-ordination of honor, truthfulness, uprightness, loyalty and energy. There is no simple formula for gaining it. It comes as a result of years of discipline. Character embodies loyalty: loyalty to country, to the service and its customs, to naval tradition, and to your brothers of the service, both senior and junior. There are many other elements of officer-like character, some of which are courtesy, modesty, simplicity and straightforwardness."

ONE of the reasons why I was anxious to visit the Academy was Jacky, whose name of course is not Jacky, and who may or may not be a graduate of the Academy by this time. Once I visited his home, and as I remember his mother's reveille, it ran something like this:

9:00 A. M. Mother decided Jacky should get up.

9:05 A. M. First call—routine and uncomplaining.

9:15 A. M. Second call—concluding in question mark.

9:30 A. M. Third call—mention of breakfast waiting.

9:35 A. M. Jacky decides to get up.

10:00 A. M. Wearing a martyr's halo, unshaved and half-dressed, Jacky responds to the challenge of the breakfast table.

Scene Number II. Naval Academy.

6:30 A. M. Reveille with bugle and gong.

6:30½ A. M. Gong stops.

6:30.35 A. M. Jacky, feet on floor, bedclothes thrown back over foot of bed and mattress turned back over head, responds: "All out, sir."

6:55 A. M. Jacky, shaved and showered, falls in with his company.

And that tells about half the story of the Naval Academy. Life there is hard and impersonal. Somebody tells you to do something and you don't have a chance to argue yourself out of doing it.

Who was it that said order is heaven's first law? The Naval Academy houses over 2,000 midshipmen within a very limited area, a space in which, in an ordinary college, everyone would be getting in everyone else's hair, but that isn't why every midshipman is expected to be at the right place, at the right time, with the right disposition. Professor J. F. B. Mitchell in *Collegiate Education and Standards of Value* suggests the real reason when he writes:

"West Point and Annapolis stand for the ideal of discipline and the code of an officer and a gentleman. These ideals are held by the entire teaching staff, and a definite, conscious effort is made to inculcate them."

PERHAPS this might become a bit clearer if we follow a midshipman through a day's routine. The manner, more than the time of arising, is impressive. He then takes a shower. It is not strictly required, but it is done in the best Navy circles, and the man who said there were only two kinds of human beings in the world today—those who took a morning shower and those who did not—may have been a Navy officer. It takes about two minutes for a regiment to form at 6:50 A. M. It breaks quickly into four different sections and marches purposely toward one of the pleasanter functions of the day—breakfast.

Did I say breakfast? Well, that is precisely what I meant. There is no scarcity of food, and one hot dish of meat each morning, and I might add that there is very little time wasted in superfluous conversation while this exercise is being carried on. It was my privilege to eat luncheon, but not breakfast, with the midshipmen. (Incidentally, the Navy owes me a luncheon. I saw so many interesting things and talked with so many interesting youngsters around me that I had no chance to eat.) There are twenty-one midshipmen at a table. The plebes sit on the edge of their chairs, keenly alert lest their elders should need butter, water, or more food. I was amazed at the fact that the food served to two thousand at one time arrived in well-heated condition. For the first time I visited a boarding school where students did not complain about the food! Perhaps one explanation is in the vigorous routine which insures an appetite.

At the end of the meal, the command: "Rise" is given, and in a flash everyone is on his feet. In approximately two minutes the vast dining hall is empty. Twenty-five minutes suffice for getting one's room in order. Books, clothing, toilet accessories, must be in the space designated for each. Dust on the radiator means one demerit; shaved—not properly—three demerits; wearing articles of uniform improperly—five demerits; unauthorized articles in room, locker or on person (this is terrible, but I must tell the truth) five to forty demerits. Do demerits mean anything? Not to me, but I saw a young midshipman risk a broken leg to avoid getting just five.

At 7:45 or 8:00 A. M., depending upon the season of the year, the class schedule begins. Periods of class and study alternate for five hours. On an average, fifty-three minutes of the hour assigned are spent in the classroom. Students march to and from class at attention, each carrying books or instrument bags in perfect rhythm. Half the regiment studies while the other half recites. Sometimes double time is required to get a company to the designated classroom at the designated time. There is no confusion about finding one's place.

Each professor and each class have a definite work-target each day. On October 1, a midshipman may know that on November 26 he will cover, in the *History of Modern Europe*, pages 152-169, 161-165, and 183-190 of Carlton J. H. Hayes' work, *A Political and Cultural History of Modern Europe*. Regimentation. Of course. But these men have to learn to be exact. A miscalculation on the target range or at the pilot wheel might be disastrous. Why have miscalculations on class schedules?

AT 12:40 comes lunch formation in front of, or, in inclement weather, within Bancroft Hall. The formation is a spectacle. One minute you see two thousand neatly groomed young officers, and then you look away for a minute and they are gone. All except the bugle and drum corps—and their exit is a work of art so impressive that you forget their comrades have disappeared.

Some of us who tried to follow the midshipmen through a day's routine were about ready for our afternoon siesta after lunch. The midshipmen were just getting their second breath. Merrily we chased along through classroom and through drill periods. At three o'clock we saw a seaman-ship drill. At least we tried to see it, but there were so many things going on that I am sure we missed a

few point. Sailboats, motor boats, life boats, destroyers, and seaplanes started whirling around the Admiral's yacht on which we were riding—but there was no confusion. Everyone kept out of everyone else's way.

Seamanship. I had heard the term before, but it never really occurred to me before my visit to the Academy that the navy officer was above and beyond all things a seaman. I knew a doctor was a doctor, that a lawyer was concerned with laws, and a dentist with teeth, but incredible to relate, I never dreamt before that a midshipman was above all things a seaman.

"I HAVE always believed," Admiral Sellers said, "that to be a good naval officer it is not only necessary to like the life on ship, but one must be enthusiastic about the sea and everything that pertains to it. Following out this idea, I have made every effort during my service as superintendent to encourage and build up among midshipmen interest in small boats. Anything that tends to turn their attention seaward and leads them to seek their recreation upon the water is of immense value in making them sea-minded.

The committee of the Board of Visitors to which I was assigned had on its schedule the inspection of the department of seamanship and navigation. One look at me and the Commanding Officer of this department knew he had to give his best sales talk. I forget much that he told me about charts and compasses, about airplanes, destroyers, submarines, but his effort was not entirely wasted. Later I was rushed through the metals laboratory, the internal-combustion-machine laboratory, the heat laboratory, the steam laboratory, the instrument laboratory, the marine engineering laboratory, and the post-graduate school which gives advanced courses in these various fields. ("Don't insist too much upon this parley-voo stuff," one officer whispered in my ear. "When I get a young officer on board, I want him to know what it means to run a ship.")

Once a week comes dress parade in seasonable weather. That parade does things to you too. It brought back to me Dubuque, Iowa, when the boys were marching away to France at five-thirty in the morning with the whole town—and a band—out to see them off. It brought back Base Hospital 28 when the boys came home from France. And I saw again the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier as taps are sounded over bowed heads in the dusk of the evening.

All these things and more. Faces—clean-cut, earnest, hopeful faces—youth on parade, dressed in its finest, backed with a century and a half of naval traditions, youth caught up in the vision of service and loyalty that goes hand in hand with Navy training. One must indeed be hard of heart if here the trees kept him from seeing the forest of idealism that spurs each tired foot to its proper tread.

Did I say tired? Well, I was mistaken. A half hour later and the crews are pulling lustily on the river, tennis racquets are swinging, basketballs are finding their goal in a dozen nets, earnest young minds are hammering out a new invention in the marine-engineering laboratory—and one midshipman, a rugged individualist, no doubt resisting the tide of regimentation, is cutting figure eights on roller skates. Recreation lasts until dinner formation at 6:40. At six-thirty I see no signs of life and I inquire as to the reason. "Nineteen hundred of these boys," says my courteous cicerone, "are probably at this moment under the showers." Then comes dinner formation and more orders and shouts; "Orders published, first battalion, Sir," "Second battalion, Sir," and so on down the line. A word from the youthful lips of the regimental commander and four thousand feet swing rhythmically off to mess. ("I wonder," said one university president solemnly, "if that young man giving orders knows I would gladly trade jobs with him—and start making my mistakes all over again.")

COURTESY in action. I was privileged to attend a dinner given by a small group of midshipmen in a setting that rivaled the Waldorf-Astoria for beauty—but excelled it in cultural atmosphere. The dinner ended too soon for the guests. The midshipmen enjoyed it too, but as soon as it was over they dashed double time to their rooms, for they had lost a precious hour of study. The study call sounds at 7:55 P. M. and there is release at 10:05 P. M. Five minutes later comes tattoo, and at 10:15 P. M. comes taps. The only complaint I heard from the students—and I heard this time and again—was: We must have more time for study. We can't learn all we're supposed to learn here in four years unless we can have late lights."

A word about the religious life of the midshipmen. Once upon a time—so long ago that I have even forgotten the name of the book from which I took my speech—I preached a baccalaureate sermon in which I stated that religion and work are

the only two forces that would save the youth of our day. It is quite the popular thing to have someone shout after the swishing robes of the graduating class that religion is the most important thing in life. The midshipmen work. No one questions that. And they also have more opportunities for worship than any similar group of young men in the world of economic competition. Prayers are said at the breakfast table. On Sundays, midshipmen must go to church either at the Academy Chapel or at a church of the Catholic or Jewish denomination.

What distinguishes the body of midshipmen from the college groups I have visited? First, the midshipmen give the impression that they know just where they are going and what they are doing. There is none of the uncertainty at the Academy that the depression has brought to many a college boy about his future job.

SECOND, there is a spirit of competition at the Academy. It permeates every activity. It pushes young men of indifferent talents to supreme effort. It enables many a young man to discover what too often is a secret—one's capacity for work. If a midshipman fails a course for semester, failing to receive more than 2.5, well, that's all there is, there isn't any more, and your congressman, senator or friend in the Cabinet can like it—or else!

Third, these men grasp the idea of responsibility prematurely. Those who enter at the age of sixteen generally have the best records. At twenty-two one may have the lives of scores of others in his hands. That idea is not conveyed by an incidental remark. It is drilled home day after day. Note these instructions to first class men. "Know when and how to say, 'No.'—If an order is to be given that you think will be unpopular, do not try to stand from under with: 'The captain or commander says—!'" —A word of praise is generally better than a growl of censure."

What do these things mean? They mean morale. Of course, there are imperfections in curriculum, in method of instruction, in teacher-training, and in physical arrangements at the Naval Academy. But there is also something there that makes a man obey, that makes him exercise authority wisely, that effects a transformation of feeling, thought, and behavior, which makes it possible for a twenty-year-old youth to level his finger at a university president, and from the lofty heights of Naval Academy tradition say:

"That's only another job!"

THE SIGN-POST

QUESTIONS * ANSWERS * LETTERS

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Episcopal Church Elizabethan. Not Apostolic

Although not a Christian, I never fail to read THE SIGN and other Catholic periodicals with much enjoyment and benefit. At Ventnor, N. J., I went into what appeared to be a Catholic church. The red lamp burned before the tabernacle and there was a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes. I picked up the enclosed pamphlet, which I ask you kindly to explain.—E. R. V., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The pamphlet carries the title, "The American Church of Apostolic Origin." The church referred to is the Episcopal Church. The article begins with a series of questions, to wit: "Was the Church of England founded as late as the 16th century? Did Henry VIII get angry with the pope because of his matrimonial experiments and then institute the worship and polity of the Prayer Book in his spite? Was this Churchly organization just one of the many denominations which arose at about this time? Was it merely a split-off from the Roman Catholic Church?"

Rev. William Galpin rejects these suppositions and does not hesitate to assert, "the truth is that the Episcopal Church (so-called) dates back to the days of the Apostles. It flourished in vigor long before Henry VIII was ever dreamed of. It is as old, if not older than the Roman Catholic Church. It is not a split-off from the papal system; but the Roman Catholics of England split off from this national branch of the 'One Catholic and Apostolic Church.' They are the ones in a schism, not we."

The last sentence is a gem of naiveté. It reminds us of the remark attributed to a mother who watched a parade in which her son was marching. Pointing him out with pride to her neighbor, she said, "Look, Martha, my son is the only one in step!"

To the questions asked in the beginning, we answer every one substantially in the affirmative. Henry VIII repudiated the spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope in England and set himself up as head of both Church and State. Under his successor, Edward VI, the schism was carried into heresy. (The Prayer Book was first published under Edward, not Henry, and was composed by those who favored the principles of Martin Luther). The English Church of Henry VIII after his break with the Pope and of Edward VI was truly another independent church outside the unity of the Catholic Church. In other words, it was a "split-off from the Roman Catholic Church."

The schism started by Henry VIII and fostered under

Edward VI was healed under Queen Mary Tudor, when the Pope absolved the nation from schism and heresy and restored it to the unity of the Catholic Church. The restoration, however, was repudiated under Elizabeth, who violated the promise she had made to preserve Catholicism. Elizabeth in 1559 was declared head, not only of the State, but also of the "Church by Law Established." The "Apostolicity" of the American Episcopal Church dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The "continuity" of the Church of England (and the Episcopal Church of the U. S.) with the ancient Catholic Church in England is a myth. Authentic history disproves it and the moral consent of mankind agrees with authentic history. As well might an Englishman claim that the United States is still a colony of England, as an Episcopalian or Anglo-Catholic maintain that his church is Catholic and Apostolic.

It is pertinent to remark that the "Catholic Party" in the Church of England and the Episcopal Church of the U. S. is in disagreement with the majority of the members of these churches. The mention of the tabernacle and the statue recalls to mind that transubstantiation, the Mass, and the worship of saints are all condemned in the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England, to which articles all ordained members of this church must subscribe. Anglo-Catholics are not only inconsistent with history but also with their creed. Such are some of the vagaries of Protestantism.

We hope that you yourself will look into the doctrines of the Catholic Church, which claims to be the Church established by Christ, the Redeemer of the world.

Who Put Christ To Death, Jews Or Romans?

In a discussion between a Jew and a Catholic, the former claimed that the Romans killed Christ, but the Catholic maintained that Jews killed Him? Who is correct?—A. F., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

There were two principal parties who brought about the crucifixion and death of Jesus Christ. The party which instigated His condemnation was the Sanhedrin, or Jewish Council, composed of the priests, scribes and pharisees. This Council assembled on the eve of the Passion and schemed to put Christ to death. Caiaphas, the high priest of that year, said: "You know nothing; neither do you consider that it is expedient for you that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not . . . From that day, therefore, they devised to put Him to death." (John 11:49-53). But since the power of executing the death sentence,

already agreed on, was reserved to the Roman authority, it was necessary that the leaders of the Jews accuse Jesus before the Roman Governor, and declare that He was worthy of death. The leaders of the Sanhedrin brought one charge after another against Christ, yet Pilate declared Him innocent. Then, as a final assault, the leaders threatened to accuse Pilate to Caesar if he released Jesus. This threat caused Pilate to capitulate to their demands and He sentenced Christ to be crucified. The execution of the sentence was carried out by the Romans. Thus, there were two parties responsible for the death of Christ. The leaders of the Jews were the moral cause, the Romans the physical cause.

Evil Effects Indirectly Willed: Condiments on Abstinence Days

(1) *Is a man who intends to become drunk guilty of other mortal sins which he foresees he will commit while drunk, or is he guilty only of the sin of drunkenness? (2) May food be cooked with meat on days of abstinence, provided the meat is removed before the food is eaten? May meat broth be eaten on abstinence days?*—B. M., LOUISVILLE, KY.

(1) A man who voluntarily becomes drunk is guilty not only of the sin of drunkenness, but also of those other sins which he foresaw he would commit, if he became drunk. The reason is that by voluntarily placing himself under the influence of intoxicants, he is guilty *in causa*, or indirectly, of the evil effects resulting from the state of intoxication. By willing the cause, he also wills the effects flowing from the cause, even though he would not commit these evils, if sober. It may be well to add that the same rule holds for women.

(2) The law of abstinence forbids meat and the juice of meat, but not eggs, milk products (*lactinia*), and condiments made of the fat of animals. Therefore, meat broth is forbidden and also the use of meat in preparing foods. (Canon 1250).

Mass in Morning

A non-Catholic wants to know why the Sacrifice of the Mass is offered by us in the morning and not in the evening, since Christ instituted the Holy Eucharist at the Last Supper, which was celebrated in the evening.—H. B., RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.

It is true that Our Lord instituted the Holy Eucharist at the Last Supper which was eaten in the evening, but the hour of celebrating Mass or the Eucharist is accidental. The essential thing about the Eucharist is taking bread and wine and consecrating them into the Body and Blood of Christ, in obedience to His command and in memory of Him. True, in the primitive Church the Eucharist was celebrated in the evening, after a meal called the *agape*, in imitation of the Last Supper. This repast was intended to promote fraternal charity among the faithful. But abuses arose in connection with this repast, as St. Paul complained to the Corinthians. (I Cor. 11:20, *et seq.*) The custom was gradually introduced of celebrating the Eucharist in the early morning hours, after vigils spent in prayer and fasting. The growth of the custom of receiving Communion fasting helped to maintain morning Mass. In the early Middle Ages Mass was offered on Sundays and Festivals at Terce, or nine o'clock. On ferial days it was offered at noon and on fasting days at three in the afternoon.

These hours were chosen for symbolical reasons having to do with the Passion of Christ. In the later Middle Ages the Mass became more closely associated with the recitation of the Divine Office. On fasting days the Office was usually anticipated and this brought about the earlier celebration of Mass. After all, the hour of celebrating Mass is something to be determined by the authority of the Church, to which Christ committed the administration of the mysteries of God. The present common law is that Mass may not be celebrated earlier than one hour before dawn nor later than one hour after noon, except on Christmas when it may be celebrated immediately after midnight. It is interesting to note that at the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago a paper was read advocating the celebration of evening Masses.

Catholic Church and Spiritualism

(1) *What is the attitude of the Church toward Spiritualism? (2) Does the Church admit that so-called mediums have actually communicated with spirits and performed inexplicable phenomena?*—G. S., LANCASTER, PA.

(1) The attitude of the Catholic Church towards Spiritualism is plainly expressed in the reply of the Holy Office, ratified by Pope Benedict XV on April 26, 1917, which declares it is unlawful to take part in any way in spiritistic seances, whether with or without mediums. This prohibition affecting Catholics is thoroughly in harmony with the ordinances of God Himself in the Old Testament in which He warned the Jews: "When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God shall give thee, beware lest thou have a mind to imitate the abominations of those nations. Neither let there be found among you anyone that shall expiate his son or daughter, making them pass through fire . . . nor any one that consulteth pythonic spirits, or fortune tellers, or that seeketh the truth from the dead." (Deut. 18:9-11).

(2) The Church has not in any formal manner, so far as we know, decided the nature of the phenomena alleged to have been produced through mediums. Her attitude is one of grave suspicion concerning these things; first, as to their reality in all cases; and second, that when phenomena have occurred which cannot be ascribed to fraud or trickery, they are probably the work of the devil and his angels. Investigation into these things is the work of scientists and theologians. Father Thurston, S. J., in *The Church and Spiritualism* gives an account of the general principles which guide the Church, and in the light of these principles, together with the findings of modern psychology, criticizes some of the famous cases of spiritualism.

Meaning of Bishops' Letter on Mexico

Will you please explain if the chapter, "The Church Turns to Prayer, Not Arms," in the official edition of the Pastoral Letter on the religious situation in Mexico by the Catholic Episcopate of the United States, issued from Washington, D. C., in December, 1926, has any other meaning than that to be gathered from the language and context?—R. E. S., FLUSHING, N. Y.

The only meaning of the chapter indicated is the natural and obvious one. The sentence—"ballots are less powerful than bullets when they are the playthings of tyranny"—refers to the methods employed by the

ruling cliques of Mexico by means of which they brought "liberty" to the country. The American Episcopate recognized that bullets are more powerful than ballots, but such means of obtaining redress for the wrongs visited on a helpless Catholic majority were not to be countenanced by the Church, since "the weapons of men are not for her."

Insistence on spiritual means to obtain redress has also been emphasized by Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical on the Persecution of the Catholic Church in Mexico of November 18, 1926, and his recent Encyclical Letter to the Bishops of Mexico on the Condition of Catholic Affairs in Mexico of March 28, 1937. In the latter His Holiness insists on the sanctification of both clergy and people as the best means, not only for obtaining spiritual fruit from their afflictions, but also for obtaining some measure of liberty and social justice. He does not counsel them to accept their cruel trials without protest but such protest must be in accord with their rights as citizens and their profession of Christianity. There are not subtle meanings in these letters which are incompatible with either their natural rights or their religious profession.

Prayers for Pope's Intentions

When saying six Our Fathers and six Hail Marys for the Pope's intentions, in order to gain a plenary indulgence, is it necessary to say these prayers after Holy Communion, or can they be said before Holy Communion?—PA.

When no special order of performing the works enjoined for gaining an indulgence is prescribed in the grant, the faithful are free to offer the prayers for the Holy Father either before or after receiving Holy Communion. Canon 931 says that when Confession and Holy Communion are required for gaining an indulgence, Confession may be made within the eight days which immediately precede the day to which the indulgence is attached, and Holy Communion may be received on the day before the feast; both Confession and Communion may also be received during the octave following the feast. Hence, according to this Canon, the plenary indulgence attached to August 2nd (Portiuncula) and that of All Souls' Day, may be gained by reciting the six Our Fathers and Hail Marys for the Pope's intention at each visit to the proper church or oratory and both Confession and Holy Communion received within the next seven days.

Gaining Indulgences of Stations When Sick

Kindly advise under what conditions one may gain the indulgences of the Stations of the Cross when confined to bed by sickness.—MICH.

The indulgences of the Stations of the Cross may be gained by the sick, travellers at sea, prisoners, persons living in regions where there is no Catholic church, and others who, for some reasonable cause, are unable to perform the devotion of the Stations in the ordinary way, provided that with contrition of heart and sincere devotion they recite twenty times the Our Father, Hail Mary, and the Glory be to the Father, etc., (fourteen times in honor of the Stations, five times in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ, and once for the intentions of the Holy Father). It is likewise necessary to hold in the hands while reciting the above prayers a crucifix especially blessed with this indulgence by a priest with the required faculty to impart it. A plenary indulgence may be gained *toties quoties* under the above conditions.

Those who are not able to recite all the above prayers may gain a partial indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines each time they recite the Our Father, the Hail Mary, and the Glory be to the Father, while holding the blessed crucifix in their hands.

But if a person is so ill that he cannot do more than kiss, or devoutly gaze upon such a crucifix, and recite some short prayer or ejaculation in honor of the Passion of Christ if he is able, he may gain the plenary indulgence. (Sacred Penitentiary, Mar. 25, 1931; Oct. 20, 1931).

Society of St. Edmund

I would appreciate information relative to the Society of St. Edmund, its foundation, houses in the U. S., and Rule of Life.—E. A. D., BROCKTON, MASS.

According to *The Franciscan Almanac*, 1937, the Society of St. Edmund was founded in 1843 in France by Father Jean Baptiste Murard for the work of missions. The General Motherhouse is located at Pontigny, France. There are three houses of the society in the Diocese of Burlington. The novitiate is located at Swanton, Vt. We advise that you communicate with the Rev. Superior for information regarding their work and rule of life.

Lay Persons Administering Communion in Mexico

I had a discussion with another Catholic, who claims that in Mexico priests have given the Blessed Sacrament to boys to administer to the sick and dying, as priests are forbidden to perform the rites of the Church and the boys would not be suspected. This same person claims that nuns can also receive Holy Communion from their Reverend Mother for the same reason. I claim that this is not so, as only ordained priests in the Catholic Church have the right to administer Holy Communion.—D. N., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Catholic priests are the ordinary ministers of Holy Communion and deacons extraordinary ministers. But during times of persecution when priests and deacons are unable to perform this office, the Church may allow lay persons to carry the Blessed Sacrament from one place to another, to reserve it in their homes, and even to administer it to themselves and others. Father Parsons, S. J., mentions cases like this in his book, *Mexican Martyrdom*, Chapter I. In one instance an English Catholic lady, visiting in Vera Cruz and wishing to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion on Sunday, was taken to the secret place, an unpretentious house, where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. There was no priest to administer the Eucharist. The lady was told to "take out the ciborium and give yourself Communion." When she expressed amazement, she was told: "There is no other way. The priest gets here only occasionally for Mass, and the Pope has given us the dispensation to do it ourselves." This, of course, is an extraordinary permission granted in an extraordinary time.

If the above facts be true, and there is no reason to doubt them, the faithful in Mexico are doing now what the early Christians did during the ages of persecution, when it was common for them to take the Blessed Sacrament to their homes and communicate themselves. Even outside the time of persecution, this practice was not unknown in those days. The Church is a tender Mother and provides for her children according to their necessities.

Letters

LETTERS should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

ANTI-FASCISTS AND ANTI-ITALIANS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I respectfully inquire whether you received any unfavorable comments on your recently published advertisement for Fascist Italy by Owen B. McGuire, entitled "Italy's Place in the Sun." Did none of your readers express the fear that so blanket an endorsement of Fascist Italy and Fascist Italians might easily be construed, without flagrant injustice, as an endorsement of Fascism?

It is true, of course, that an effort ought to be made to do justice to the present Italian régime. But a fervent hymn of praise, such as Father McGuire's Italian rhapsody, will scarcely be regarded by the discriminating as a just appraisal. It may even be conceded that there is a notable tendency to judge Fascism unfairly in terms of an anti-Italian bias. On the other hand, there is also a tendency to identify the Catholic and the Fascist ideology. This latter tendency is, it seems to me, at least equally as dangerous, and ought, therefore, to be combatted with at least equal vigor.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

P. M.

Editor's Note: Readers of editorials and articles in THE SIGN can have no doubts concerning its attitude toward Fascism, Nazism or the totalitarian state of whatever kind. There is a just proportion, however, to be observed in all things. Anti-Fascist propaganda has gone so far as to ask implicitly, if not in so many words: Can any good come out of Italy?

In his article in the September issue of THE SIGN, "Italy's Place in the Sun," Father McGuire answers this question in a decided affirmative, and at the same time shows that much anti-Fascist sentiment is but thinly veiled anti-Catholicism. His article was not an endorsement of Fascism as such. In fact, he states explicitly: "Fascism, they say, aims at making a totalitarian State, where the liberty and dignity of the individual are destroyed, or at least compromised, where the individual exists for the State, and not the State for the individual. That is certainly against Catholic principles, and in its implications it is heretical."

A great many comments on Father McGuire's article were received. By far the greater number were favorable.

COMMUNISM AND FASCISM UNCHRISTIAN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The article of Gerard Rooney, C.P. in October deserves commendation. It was especially interesting and refreshing to find in THE SIGN an author who is not afraid to include the Fases of Fascism with the Hammer and Sickle of Communism and the Swastika of Nazism and, at least by inference, to condemn all three.

A Christian is not now and never can be put into the

position of being forced to endorse either Communism or Fascism. Both are unchristian. It may indeed be plausibly argued that Catholicism is prospering under a Fascist régime, i.e., in Italy. But whether Catholicism prosper or fall in any particular epoch or in any particular country, it ought always to be over and never under any sort of merely human régime. Our prayer ought always to be: "Thy Kingdom come: Thy Will be done on earth." In other words, we must look forward with Christian hopefulness to the establishment on earth of the perfect Christian Commonwealth and never rest content with a mere "concordat." The perfect Christian Commonwealth, i.e., the Kingdom of God, may be called utopian and therefore illusory. But it would be more true and more Christian to call it rather apocalyptic and therefore desirable.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

D. J.

EDUCATION AND EDUCATORS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your September issue was splendid throughout, but I especially admired Father George Johnson's article on education. Frankly, my pet peeve is educators. Anyone who has had to get out and hustle for a living, trying meanwhile to live up strictly to the dictates of a sensitive conscience, and who, besides, is trying to prepare a half dozen youngsters to do the same thing, is likely, after a while, to look with some disdain on the sweet-and-lovely ideas (that don't work) of superior-acting persons who have lived all of their lives in the nebulous realm of ideas. All ideas come out so beautifully in the safe laboratories of their creators' brains! And their creators, if they have not had the advantage of being humiliated by practical experience, are so sure that they would come out beautifully anywhere!

All of which explains my phobia against educators—and perhaps makes more outstanding my admiration of Father Johnson. His article is all common sense. He has done a lot of thinking—as educators must—but his feet are on the ground. He is a practical adult who understands the childish mind: a rare combination. Would that the N.E.A. had half a George Johnson in their whole outfit.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

JOSEPHINE RYAN.

CATHOLIC WORKER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is a long time since I have read anything in a Catholic periodical of quality that has stunned me as much as the letter on the Catholic Worker in the September issue of THE SIGN.

The author of the letter raves about the Catholic Worker's collaboration with Communism. That cry is going from mouth to mouth, and from publication to publication. And none of these papers adduce any evidence except the unfortunate neutral stand on the Spanish question that the representatives of the Catholic Worker assumed at the Catholic Press Convention at Rochester.

What a regrettable thing it is that a Catholic paper cannot urge love for those fellow-men who need it most. It seems that any attempt to convert Communists is collaboration with them.

When Dorothy Day remarked recently that Catholicism has some of the elements of Communism, she was hooted down as a heretic. When Monsignor Sheen made a similar statement, adding that we should salvage the worthy features in Communism, he was praised for his truly Christian spirit.

I have been at the Catholic Worker headquarters a half dozen times. If there is any place in the city of New York that is permeated with a deeper and more inspiring Catholic spirit, I should like to make a pilgrimage to it.

JAMAICA, N. Y.

BERTRAND WEAVER, C.P.

EDUCATING PRISONERS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

After reading the splendid article, "Prisoners Must Work," I wondered if there isn't a solution through the medium of education—a sort of college system within the prison—a means whereby the prisoners would fit themselves mentally through courses in human relations, human behavior, law, or other such subjects.

It seems that all the prisoners are usually assigned to some kind of labor, and because of crowded conditions in the prisons, there is not enough work to keep them busy. For this reason the prisoners have much leisure, and a feeling of restlessness exists and usually starts trouble. If there were a school system in the prisons, the prisoners' time could be divided between work and mental education. In this manner their time would be well occupied and they would receive some much-needed learning, especially in the studies which would make them better citizens upon release.

An educational system in the prisons would be to the prisoner as going to college to a student. Just because a man is sentenced to serve time in prison shouldn't mean that he is worthless to mankind and that his time spent behind the walls is wasted.

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS.

JOSEPH A. BARTOLAC.

PRISON-MADE GOODS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"Prisoners Must Work" by Lawrence Lucey presents a positive fact. Why should the difficulties appear so insurmountable? The market value of an article should be fixed, the only variation being because of material or quality of workmanship—not the place of origin. Under those conditions, there is no reason why prison-made goods should not be offered for sale with no objection from capitalist or laborer.

Each prisoner should be credited with the amount he would earn for the same class of work, done with the same degree of skill, were he working outside. He should be debited for his maintenance an amount equal to what the average man, working at the same wage outside, would pay for his maintenance. If he has dependents, he should be debited the amount the average man, earning the same amount, would use for the support of these dependents. This amount should be turned over to the dependents, and they should be kept off relief.

In addition to this he should be debited with the expense of his apprehension and conviction, and the sentence imposed should be so worded as to make parole or release impossible until the debt to the community has been liquidated. This latter provision undoubtedly would influence many a guilty man to surrender promptly and plead guilty, when he realized if he became a fugitive, extradition expenses would be charged against him; and, if the case went to trial, he would have to pay all expenses for witnesses, jury, etc.

This should result in a reduction of taxes, since there would be fewer contested cases; and the amount paid out in contested cases, resulting in conviction, would be returned to the public treasury. The prisoner, in order

to make his credits equal or exceed his debits, would select the work that most interested him and do it as perfectly as possible, and study to improve. Then, when released, he would be able to take his place in a similar industry or work outside. It would be to his interest to keep all machinery at the highest degree of efficiency. Hence no sabotage.

WILLIAMSVILLE, N. Y.

S. M. R.

BADAJOS AGAIN!

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In view of certain statements that have been made recently in the secular press regarding the alleged massacre of government adherents at Badajoz by order of General Franco, it is evident that there are certain supposedly well-informed people who still accept this deliberate deceit of the Red propagandists, in spite of the overwhelming evidence to the contrary. As I have had occasion to note before, it is doubtful whether sentiment in this country will soon turn against the propaganda with which we have been deluged. Our journalistic informants have gone too far on the wrong road to turn back suddenly and recognize their error.

Let me give an instance as illustration and proof: Messrs. R. L. Duffus and Van Wyck Brooks are two eminent writers. The latter obtained the Pulitzer Prize for history—which would indicate capacity for sifting historical evidence. Some time ago these two gentlemen circularized "ninety-eight American writers" to issue an earnest appeal to the rest of us to support the Madrid-Valencia-Barcelona government "on American principles." The editor of the *Commonweal* criticized that appeal severely. Thereupon these two gentlemen wrote a joint letter to the *Commonweal* in defense of the rôle they had played. In that letter they made at least a dozen statements that are notoriously false, and have been authentically proved to be false. But, they said, "we have the documents."

Now, I will give the one instance that makes me doubt their conversion—at least soon. Among the other false statements they made in that letter was this: That at Badajoz in August, 1936, by order of General Franco, four thousand persons had been executed *en masse*. They put the executed in Seville at double that number, if I remember rightly. But let that pass, except to say that it was absolutely false. There were no mass executions at Seville. There were none anywhere in Nationalist territory—and I "have the documents."

A noted English writer, Major Geoffrey Moss, went down to Spain to collect material for a book, *The Siege of Alcazar*. He had believed the story of the mass executions at Badajoz. He began to doubt when he saw the perfect discipline and the humanity of Franco's troops. He began to investigate. He gives the result in a special chapter in his book. In a special appendix he gives the documents in full. These documents prove that the whole story was a fake. For instance, the account which gained most credence for it, appeared in the *Herald Tribune* (Paris edition), over the name of the noted U.P. correspondent, Mr. N. Reynolds Packard. These documents show that Mr. Packard was incensed at the use made of his name, that he repudiated the story, that the story was repudiated by Mr. Webb Miller, European News Manager of the U.P., that Mr. Packard "had never been in Badajoz," that on the day he was made responsible as an "eye-witness" for the story, he was, in fact, at Burgos, 400 miles away. "I give you my word of honor I know nothing of this Badajoz message. . . . A number of mysterious messages have appeared

under my name that I never wrote." (Packard to Webb Miller).

Now this book of Major Geoffrey Moss was reviewed in the *New York Times*. The review was written by R. L. Duffus. The article occupies a page and a third. The writer trots out again (against Major Moss) the exploded legend of *Guernica*. He had not one word of reference to the special chapter and the special appendix!!!—not a word.

I do not pretend to formulate for Mr. Duffus a code of journalistic ethics; but for myself I will say this: Had I, misled by misinformation, made such a charge against Stalin, whom I consider the greatest of modern tyrants, I should, when made aware of the truth, consider it a conscientious duty to withdraw the charge, apologize for having made it, and explain how I was deceived.

OWEN B. MCGUIRE.

SPANISH RELIEF FUNDS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your October 1937 issue there appeared an article by Catherine de Hueck on New Spain. The same was read with great interest and passed on to others. I particularly note the necessity for contributions to relieve the Spanish people, but a search of your excellent magazine from cover to cover reveals no address to which such contributions can be sent. Can you enlighten me on the matter?

PITTSBURGH, PA.

GEORGE MURPHY.

Editor's Note: Contributions for the relief of the Spanish war victims may be sent to the *Brooklyn Tablet*, 1 Hanson Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., or to *America Spanish Relief Fund*, 329 W. 108th St., New York City.

THE FAMILY AND INDUSTRY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I take issue, at this late date, with your correspondent, H. P. C., who wrote in your July issue? He seems to be the victim of a too common delusion—that a mere barring of married women from gainful employment will solve practically all our domestic, moral and economic ills.

That the rise of birth-prevention to the status of a great American fad can be largely placed at the door of the triumph of feminism, I should readily admit. But the real cause of all these ills which H. P. C. would hope to remedy by barring married women from jobs goes much deeper, and much farther back into history than the War of 1914-18.

It goes back to the early 19th Century, when industrialism first began to sweep all before it (including morals and ethics) and great masses of the working class were lowered to the status of machine-tenders. Women and children proved to be cheaper labor than men (and still are—or we shouldn't have to bother about a Child Labor Amendment). The normal family life was broken up, and the status of the family as an economic unit was lost.

Humanitarianism finally quelled the widespread exploitation of women and children, though it has by no means stopped it. But the real damage had been done. No longer would there be families as economic units. Men received the wage of an individual, and had to support a family on it. And except on farms (where children are always an asset) large families became a

curse rather than a blessing. Slums sprang up as these low-paid industrial workers increased in numbers. And the same old humanitarianism evolved "social centers" to "uplift" the poor.

Margaret Sanger and her colleagues fell upon the notion that the poor would be relieved of a great burden if they were relieved of the necessity of accepting the natural consequence of children—and have preached the "gospel" of birth-control with great zeal. It caught on rapidly among the middle and upper class feminists, who might even be said to be the real guinea pigs of the first rather inefficient contraceptives. And in carrying it to the poor, they made sure to give the best of example. They surely gave birth-prevention a social standing.

Even if women had to turn back many of the positions they now hold to men, the problem would remain. Employers aren't eager to hire the expensive labor of a man with a large family. He has to have a higher pay and more frequent raises. And the factory workers still face the same problems in their slums on their low wages that they did when Margaret Sanger began her crusade.

PRINCESS ANNE, MD.

THOMAS BARRY.

CATHOLICS MUST TAKE A STAND

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your editorial in the October issue of *THE SIGN*—"Stand and Be Recognized!" is, or at least should be, a challenge to us all. Are we for Him or against Him? What of our children? How are we training them to meet the evil forces so prevalent in the world today? Are we by word and example showing our children that it is upon Holy Mother Church that we must rely if we are successfully to face the battle of life?

In a little while there will be no room for the lukewarm Catholics. They are faced by too much pagan philosophy in the world today to stand for very long. Why are they lukewarm? Surely it is not the fault of the Church. It does all in its power. Isn't the answer to it all selfishness? Look at poor Spain today, at Germany, at Mexico. Will it be our turn tomorrow? If we are not here, will it be our children's turn? Will we, if the scourge should fall upon us, have the courage as have had many in Spain, to say, "*Viva Christo Rey*"?

May I add a word of hearty endorsement of the letter of Maurice O'Connor regarding Catholic Minute Men. I'm sure that the daily press would take kindly to letters of the sort he mentions and would publish them. It has been my practice to call attention to errors noticed and my efforts have been published.

STRATFORD, CONN.

ALBINA SAWYER.

THE PLACE OF ADAMS' SPEECH

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In reference to Murray Paddack's article, "Adams' Answer," in *THE SIGN* for August, it would seem that it is slightly inaccurate historically. Mr. Paddack, being acquainted with the fact that John Quincy Adams took a dig at the Catholics, exhumed the printed address from his local library and made what seems to be a fallacious transition to the conclusion that this address was actually delivered at the laying of the cornerstone for the Cincinnati observatory.

Had he consulted further the reports in the daily

papers of that date, sc., *The Cincinnati Daily Chronicle* and *The Atlas*, I think he would have found the press reports and the printed address to be in disagreement. Now it is significant to note that those who heard Mr. Adams never denied the accuracy of the former. Right here lies the cue for a departure into more extensive research, sorting out reliable sources and traditions from the false. In so doing would be uncovered the ugly slur on the Cross and Church which, in all likelihood, was the "dig" of which Mr. Paddack had heard the Cincinnati elders speak.

So far as has been ascertained, what actually happened is this: On the ninth of November, 1843, it rained. Consequently, the lengthy prepared address of Mr. Adams could not be delivered at the actual laying of the cornerstone. Instead a very much shorter speech was substituted. It was in this substitute that a much more virulent aspersion than that which Mr. Paddack discusses was made; in effect, that the observatory would be a beacon-light of true science that should never be obscured by the dark shadows of superstition symbolized by the Popish cross. The formal discourse treated of in Mr. Paddack's article was delivered the following day by ex-President Adams in the Wesley Chapel on Fifth Street.

Archbishop Purcell was in Cincinnati at the time. He believed that the Cross of Christ had been insulted and vowed atonement. And years later when the Monastery and the Church of the Holy Cross were dedicated by him on June 23, 1873, he made allusion:

"On this very hill many years ago people gathered near this spot. They had followed a very learned man. He had been President of the United States and he was followed up here by a crowd, but by no means so great an assemblage as has gathered here today, and by no means so believing an assemblage. He came in the interests of science to lay the foundation of an observatory destined to reconnoiter the heavens. I will not here allude to what the speaker said on that occasion. But it was the will of God that a monument to the Cross should be erected here, a monument that should never perish, for the truth shall never perish."

Under date of October 5, 1872, both *The New York Freeman's Journal* and the *Catholic Register* carried references to Mr. Adams' insult.

JAMAICA, L. I., N. Y.

DAVID BULMAN.

QUEBEC'S LARGE CHURCHES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Replying to the New Jersey correspondent in the October, 1937, issue requesting the number of Catholics in the Province of Quebec, may I state that according to latest available reports the number is approximately 2,430,000—a figure which practically represents 96 per cent of the entire population. When motoring from Montreal to Quebec along the northern shore route, your correspondent seems amazed at the number of large churches and small settlements along the route and inquires as to the necessity for such edifices when congregations seem limited in numbers.

May I point out that this impression prevails among the majority of visiting motorists who speed along the one hundred and eighty mile highway between these two Canadian metropolises. However, the real explanation is to be found on the following grounds:

1: The Montreal-Quebec highway traverses four important dioceses (Montreal, Joliette, Three Rivers and Quebec) which have a combined Catholic population of approximately 1,512,000. 2: the homes facing the high-

way form but an insignificant percentage of the total in the particular parish. 3: these commodious churches are necessary to contain devout French-Canadian families whose presence at divine service taxes the capacity of the edifices. 4: many of these interest-challenging edifices were erected in bygone days (several actually dating back to the seventeenth century) at insignificant cost since voluntary labor *corvées* were the custom in rural Quebec until relatively recent years.

MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

W. A. L. STYLES, M.D.

INSPIRATIONAL POETRY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I received such a lift from your "Assumption" poem in the August issue that I am inclined to congratulate you and its author. I liked it immensely. Its direct address, easy flow and lack of straining for effect make it a welcome addition to the many like efforts.

It combines art and faith so neatly as to give the lie to those who say it can't be done. Too many of such attempts are spoiled by a jaded plietism.

YORKTON, SASKATCHEWAN.

A. J. BOYLE.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M.C., St. Joseph, Mo.; M.A.G., Normandy, Mo.; M.J.H., Dorchester, Mass.; A.J.S., Fairhaven, Mass.; B.L., Los Angeles, Calif.; M.B., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M.G.S., Bronx, N.Y.; T.C.G., Quincy, Mass.; Sr. M.S., O.P., Watertown, L.I., N.Y.; J.J.McA., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.A., Baltimore, Md.; H.C., Sharon, Pa.; A.McC., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.C., Jersey City, N.J.; Mrs. M.McG., Pawtucket, R.I.; Mrs. J.H., Dorchester, Mass.; M.C., St. Joseph, Mo.; H.F., Watertown, N.Y.; M.V.H., Bronx, N.Y.; F.T., Johnstown, Pa.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Sacred Heart of Jesus, C.T.W., Narberth, Pa.; Blessed Virgin, Sacred Heart, Little Flower, F.McG., Rochester, N.Y.; Little Flower, Mother of Perpetual Help, E.K.F., Granite Bend, Mo.; St. Gabriel, St. Paul of the Cross, M.B., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, T.C.G., Quincy, Mass.; Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Miraculous Medal, K.McD., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Virgin Mary, R.O'M., Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, St. Ann, St. Anthony, Sacred Heart of Jesus, B.K.B., Jackson Heights, L.I., N.Y.; Sacred Heart, A.D., Jersey City, N.J.; St. Paul, St. Gabriel, G.F., Rutherford, N.J.; Mother of Sorrows, A.B., Smithtown Branch, L.I., N.Y.; Blessed Gemma, B.J.McD., Kansas City, Mo.; Our Blessed Lady, M.F., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart, E.A.R., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Our Blessed Lord, M.F., Brookline, Mass.; Sacred Heart, Mrs. C.K., Louisville, Ky.; Our Lady, St. Therese, St. Jude, G.A.S., Chicago, Ill.; Infant Jesus of Prague, Blessed Mother, M.A.J.M., Scranton, Pa.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, Little Flower, C.T.W., Narberth, Pa.; St. Joseph, M.G.D., Lexington, Mass.; St. Paul, St. Gabriel, M.A.W., Louisville, Ky.; A.E.M., Dorchester, Mass.; J.B., Jackson Heights, L.I., N.Y.; M.O.F., West New York, N.J.; E.T., Chicago, Ill.; S.A.M., Newark, N.J.; F.B., Forest Hills, Mass.; E.F.M., Cambridge, Mass.; A.F., Haverhill, Mass.



Saint Paul and Divine Wisdom

By ALFRED DUFFY, C.P.

The name of Jesus Christ was carried to the Gentiles, to kings, and to the children of Israel. With prodigious energy Paul traversed one Roman province after another and established centres in most of their key-cities from which there radiated the gospel of truth. Despite his journeys and his preachings he managed to secure leisure that enabled him to pen his immortal letters, which served not only as inspiration to his converts in the Infant Church, but which have given to the ages a full picture of the sublimity of Christian doctrine.

St. Paul presented to history one of the most thrilling spectacles of determination and courage in the annals of human activity. In the course of his ministry prison dungeons housed him, whips lashed his flesh, rods beat his body, stones pummelled him, three shipwrecks imperilled his life, false brethren ensnared him, yet his indomitable spirit carried on. Synagogues heard the doctrine of Christ; private homes became churches; street corners were meeting places; governors, tribunes, judges, learned and ignorant received the message of salvation.

WHAT did Paul do to attain the marvelous results of his labors? He did use to their fullest extent his natural gifts of oratory, and his special talents as a master of words and a technician of language. He did write with a clarity and vividness, with an emphasis and impressiveness, with an animation and vigor that compel attention. He did employ his fertile mind to captivate the intellect and move the will of his hearers and readers, but the well-spring of his success cannot be found in the art of rhetoricians or in the subtilty of philosophers.

The secret of St. Paul's extraordinary conversions can be found in his first epistle to the Corinthians:

"And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not in loftiness of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of Christ. For I judged not myself to know anything among you, but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. For both the Jews require signs and the Greeks seek after wisdom: But we preach Christ Crucified, unto the Jews indeed a stumbling-block, and unto the Gentiles foolishness: But unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God. For the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

St. Paul fearlessly challenged the world of his day. To the proud he offered a crucified Saviour. To the pleasure-loving he spoke the word of the cross, penance and self-denial. To the mighty he gave the example of the submissive Christ, obedient even to the death of crucifixion. To the self-opinionated and haughty he assigned for serious thought the divine paradox of strength in weakness, wisdom in folly and gain in loss. And when the apostle reviewed his labors as he awaited

THE glorious mission of St. Paul the Apostle was foretold in these words of Jesus Christ: "This man is to Me a vessel of election, to carry My name before the Gentiles, and Kings, and the children of Israel." Humanly speaking, insuperable obstacles prevented the accomplishment of this task. There was the might of paganism with a multiplicity of gods, a low standard of morality, and a natural allure to the baser instincts of man. There was the problem of convincing good men that their religion was wrong. There was the antagonism of the Jews to be conquered, and their isolation as the only chosen people of God to be broken down. There was Roman pride and arrogance born of that security which strength of armies and assurance of victories engendered. There was the difficulty, apparently insoluble, of rallying the nations to the standard of the cross of Jesus Christ.

But the sheer natural impossibility of his commission did not deter the apostle. He accomplished his mission.

death in the Mamertine prison at Rome, he wrote to Timothy and revealed to his beloved disciple the satisfaction of soul that was his as he contemplated the immediate future: "I am even now ready to be sacrificed: and the time of my dissolution is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just judge, will render to me in that day: and not only to me, but to them also who love His coming. ... The Lord hath delivered me from every evil work: and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom, to Whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

When St. Paul wrote of the Passion of Jesus Christ as the wisdom of God, he meant that it is an objective standard divinely given to mankind, as an epitome of Christian teaching, wherein may be found all the lessons necessary for correct living and for the attainment of eternal salvation. "The cross of Christ," says Saint Augustine, "was not only the bed on which He died, but was the pulpit also from which He taught us, that we ought to imitate His example." It was the primary purpose of St. Paul's preaching to instruct the people of his day in the essential truths of Christian teaching. It was his ambition to give them a practical rule of life, which they might safely follow in the midst of the world's corruption, a rule of life which would prove both a guide and an inspiration. Paul sought for a condensation of Christ's teaching and found it in the folly of the cross, which was the wisdom of God.

PAUL realized that Jesus Christ had appointed a way of life for all who professed allegiance to Him, and had given a spiritual philosophy to serve as the only safe course for true fellowship with Himself. The Divine Saviour had challenged mankind in a terse statement, far-reaching in its demands. "If any man will come after Me," the Master had said, "let him deny himself, take up his cross daily and follow Me." Paul knew that the world of his day was in diametric opposition to the principles of a Crucified God, whose standard was the Cross, and whose moral code could be fulfilled by those only who ambitioned the ideals of divine perfection. Paul envisioned the Saviour on the Mount of Beatitudes as He eulogized the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the clean of heart, those who mourn, who hunger and thirst after justice, who suffer persecution for justice' sake, and another Mount loomed up

in his consciousness whereon the Saviour was again the teacher, but this time the lesson was inculcated by deeds written out in the unfaceable purple of His precious blood, so that men might read and understand wisdom, not of the world, but of God.

St. Paul in his own conversion experienced a sublime manifestation of divine paradox. There were many good and zealous men among the Jews, men who embraced the new religion preached by the apostles of Jesus Christ. But God chose as a vessel of election a persecutor of His church. In Jerusalem Paul consented to the death of Stephen, and aided the enemies of Christianity in working havoc among its adherents. It is told that Paul visited every home in Jerusalem where he hoped to find followers of Jesus Christ, and seized them and confined them in prison. He was intellectually convinced that this hated sect must be destroyed at all costs.

MOVED by knowledge that a company of Christians resided in Damascus he journeyed to apprehend these disciples of the Nazarene. But as Paul neared Damascus God directly took a hand in the proceedings and instead of a fiery persecutor there entered the Syrian city a man chastened in spirit, penitent of soul, in whose heart was burning a new kind of zeal, now not to annihilate but to foster, not to condemn but to praise the religion of the Lord Jesus.

From Damascus and conversion to Rome and martyrdom was presented a picture of as complete a transposition as can be found in God's dealing with the souls of men. He who hated now loved. He who persecuted now propagated. He who imprisoned others for allegiance now gloried in his own sufferings for Christ. So personally enamored did Paul become of Christ, that he said of himself: "For me to live is Christ; and to die is gain." So intensely did the apostle grow in the spirit of Christ, that without boast he gave this summation of his character: "And I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me."

The thinking man must find the world strange, with a philosophy of life that is still more strange, a world whose religious and political cultures present such startling inconsistencies. The world talks of peace and arms for war, champions liberty and halls dictators, defends the oppressed and sanctions depressing taxation, condemns excessive wealth and caters to the wealthy, lauds nobility of character and cloaks hypoc-

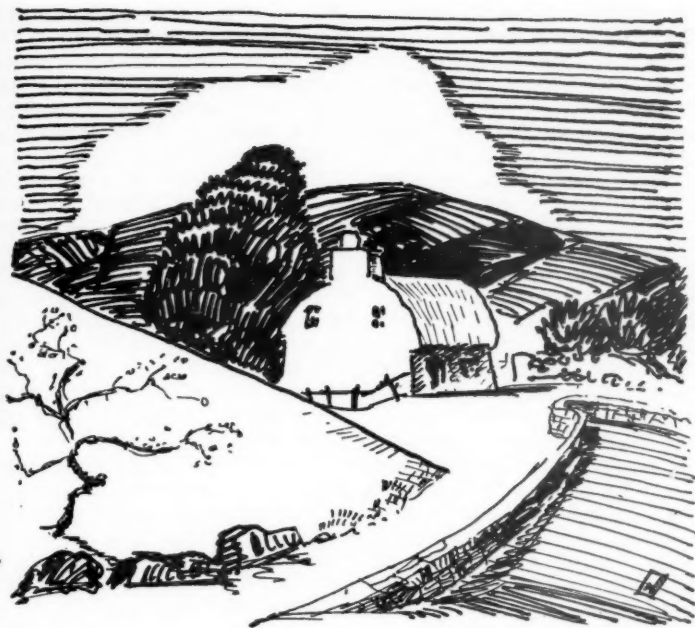
risly, upholds the home and grants divorce, possesses untold riches and breeds poverty, and withal rests content and smugly satisfied with itself.

The thinking man must admit that in the world of education there is hostility to Christian faith and tradition. Pseudo-intellectuals glibly tell us that the progress of mind cannot be controlled by any firm or fixed laws of immutable dogmas proceeding from past centuries, but that a man of culture must assume a dual personality, one as a believer and another as a student. Man's intellect, they tell us, cannot be tied fast to the medieval dreams and fantastic vagaries of religious enthusiasts. God is a myth, we read. God is space and time, we read. The attributes of God are only the shuffling and matching of pedantic adjectives, we read.

The thinking man might well imagine that the world and Jesus Christ could find a common meeting ground in the fact that paradox is common to both. He gave love of enemies as the ground-work of peace. He extolled poverty of spirit as productive of heavenly gain. He inculcated meekness to insure possession. He maintained that losing life gains it. He alleged that joy in suffering is the price of happiness. But evidently it is not part of the world's philosophy to seek wisdom save in its own perverted sense.

IT could be well imagined that St. Paul the Apostle if he lived today, and performed his journeys for the salvation of men, would cry out in the identical words he used to the Galatians of old: "O senseless Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that you should not obey the truth, before whose eyes, Jesus Christ hath been set forth crucified among you?"

Remedies are sought for the world's ills both of body and of soul. Courts of justice are taxed to equalize the evils that man inflicts on man. State prisons are crowded with malefactors, who menace society. Governmental bureaus are set up to care for the needy and the distressed. Legislative halls are seeking the magic formula which will solve all the emergencies of civic life. But the Cross of Jesus Christ and the divine wisdom of which it is the symbol is not the standard about which mankind is rallying. If the foolishness of God, which is wiser than men, and the weakness of God, which is stronger than men, became the focal point of the world's endeavors, humanity would realize that union with Christ alone can bring strength to weakness, courage to frailty, and make actual the conquests of the impossible.



McTieghue's Revenge

A Story of Black and Tan Fury And of a Struggle Between Christian and Pagan Principles

By JACK WHITE

MIKE MCTIEGHUE placed his short briar pipe in the hole in the corner at his elbow, and raked the pile of white turf ash on top of the few smoking sods on the open hearth.

"Tis time to go to bed," he muttered. "Ten o'clock it must be, and cold as the dickens. Well, I can remain in bed till the sun is up in the mornin'. But 'tis a lonely life."

Slowly he unlaced his heavy hobnailed shoes and dropped them behind his back near the basket of turf. Then he rose to his feet and pushed back the saggan-bottomed chair. Outside he could hear the hail dash against the window and the wind rush whistling over the chimney.

"Ah, a bad night for any poor traveler on the road," he sighed. "Bad night to be without a home or shelter. I think I'm poor and lonely but I'm a king to some people."

He walked across the earthen floor in his stockinged feet and was about to lift the small oil lamp off the end of the pine table when a loud knock sounded on the kitchen door.

Mike's hand gripped the side of

the table and he became as motionless as a statue.

"Who may this be?" he muttered. "Bad night for any neighbor to be outside his own house. Who's there?" he called. "Anybody knockin'?"

Only the echo of his own voice answered him. Then above the sough of the wind another tat-tat sounded on the door and a voice in which both fear and haste were noticeable called:

"Open!"

With fingers gripping the edge of the table Mike walked inch by inch toward the door.

"Who may it be?" he muttered. "I don't know the voice. But 'tis a bad night to leave anyone standin' outside. Maybe 'tis one of the boys on the run. But I'm all alone. He shouldn't come here."

Again the rat-tat-tat sounded on the door and again the strange voice shouted:

"Open, open. I'm drenched and they're right on me."

Mike stepped to the door and placed his mouth to the keyhole.

"Who're you?" he asked. "Are you somebody I know?"

"Yes. You know me. Open. I can hear them. They're right behind me. Open."

The old man glanced toward the hearth where a few sparks of fire were glittering through the white ashes. Then he turned his ear to the door.

"I don't seem to know your voice," he called. "Was you here before?"

There was silence for a moment, except for the rattle of hail against the walls and the shuffle of shoes on the flag outside the threshold. Then a voice faint and low pleaded:

"Open. Let me inside if only for five minutes. I can hear them. Open and be the good Christian."

Mike shot back the wooden bolt and flung the door wide.

"Come in," he snapped. "Whoever you are you must be in trouble."

A heavy gust of wind and a shower of cold hard hail dashed into Mike's face and at the same moment a man, tall, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, dressed in the uniform of a police officer, rushed over the threshold.

"Close the door," he cried. "Close the door. Don't let them see me."

Mike banged the door and shot back the bolt. Then he glanced up into the face of the man, whose coat and cap were covered with white hailstones.

"Sergeant Walker," he gasped. "Sergeant Walker, what brought you here to this house?"

SERGEANT WALKER lifted his glazed peaked cap from his steel-gray head and allowed the thawing snowflakes to drip at his feet.

"Perhaps you heard about it," he answered. "Perhaps you heard the Republicans seized and burned the barracks a few hours ago. The other four officers are lying wounded on the side of the road. I escaped through the rear window. But I was seen. Four of the Republicans are after me. My life is not worth a penny if I'm caught."

"What are they after you for?" asked Mike. "You've been around here a good few years. You should know all the boys."

The sergeant smiled faintly and shook the drops of melted snow from his heavy coat.

"They blame me for lots of things," he answered. "They blame me for pointing out their homes to the mili-

tary and Black and Tans. They blame me also for a few of the murders committed around here."

Mike cast his eyes on the pool of water which was forming at his feet and soaking through his woolen socks.

"I don't know what to do with you," he muttered. "If the boys find you here they'll think I'm an informer."

"Hide me until daylight," pleaded the officer. "Hide me and I'll resign my job and go back to my own country."

Rat, tat, tat. Then the tramp of rushing feet and again a loud knock.

"Here they are," whispered the sergeant. "They must have trailed me. Don't give me away."

Mike looked for a moment into the frightened eyes which looked into his own.

"The room," he nodded, pointing his finger toward a door which opened in the wall a few feet from where they stood. "Hide under the bed," he whispered.

The trembling police officer stole on tiptoes to the room and crawled underneath the high-testered bed just as another loud knock sounded on the door and a voice called:

"Are you in bed, Mike? Open. I have good news for you."

MIKE shot back the wooden bolt and opened the door a few inches so he might gaze outside.

"Who are you?" he asked of a tall slender youth in slouch hat and waterproof coat.

The young man stepped back a foot or two and smiled broadly.

"You should know me," he laughed.

"You should know Fergus O'Driscoll."

"Oh sure I do, Fergus," nodded Mike. "What a wild night you're out. Who's with you?"

"Tim and Joe Fahey and Cud Buckley. We're after Sergeant Walker. He ran up your bohreen not more than five minutes ago."

Mike laughed loudly and shook his snow-white head.

"Is the peelers on the run now?" he asked. "That's a change, Fergus."

"If we lay our hands on Walker he must pay for his crimes," frowned Fergus. "He sent many a man around here either to jail or before the firing squad."

"Is he that bad?" inquired Mike. "He's been a long time down at the barracks. He should know everybody in the parish."

"That's the trouble," nodded Fergus. "He gave all our names to the Black and Tans and in my heart I believe he had a lot to do with the murder of your son."

Mike hit the jamb of the door with

his clenched fist as he glared at them.

"If I knew that for sure," he cried, "if I knew he had hand, act or part in the shootin' of my Dermid, I'd—I'd—"

"I have a good idea how you must feel," nodded Fergus. "Perhaps we might find Walker before morning and if we do we'll bring him right back here and make him confess on bended knees before you."

"Well, call and rout me out of bed if you find him," nodded Mike. "Isn't it a bad wicked night and 'tis cold."

FERGUS placed the barrel of his rifle on his shoulder and turned from the door.

"Your Dermid might be soon avenged," he said. "I remember the day he was buried you promised on his grave you would avenge his murder."

"I know I did," cried Mike. "I know the promise I made only too well. Who knows but I might see him avenged before mornin'."

"I hope you do," nodded Fergus. "Well, good night. If we find that traitor and spy we'll drag him back here and let you pass the sentence of death on him."

Mike smiled though a sob caught his throat.

"That would be great," he cried. "That would be what I call revenge. Good night to you, Fergus."

The young Republican leader raised his arm in farewell and in a few minutes, despite hail and wind, was racing across the fields toward the farmhouse of Owen McMahon where his three companions were in a vain search for Sergeant Walker of the Kileen barracks.

Mike McTieghue was twenty years a widower, his wife dying when his only child Dermid was four years of age. The boy was something to live for. Something to bring up. Someone to educate. He was his son and what better or nobler act could he do in life than to live for his own flesh and blood.

Mike was no coward. He faced the trouble that came his way as all good men should do. He sent his boy to school and at night when the oil lamp spluttered on the table and the turf sods blazed he taught him a little of the wisdom of life.

Dermid was a good son and when he reached the age of eighteen he could plow and mow. He tilled the land and sowed and reaped. With tears of happiness in his eyes Mike watched his boy reach the age of manhood. Soon he would marry and bring home a wife to manage for the both.

But man looks forward and lays his plans forgetting there is a Higher

Power Who has already fitted the cogs into the wheel of time.

Dermid might have married and brought home the wife his father had long looked forward to, but the Irish trouble started. Young men were summoned to the fight and Dermid McTieghue was selected local leader of the Republican Army. Where was the man who could refuse the honor? Where was the young man who could turn it down?

England had her police in Ireland who knew all the youths likely to take part in any rebellion. The police were in the pay of the British Crown, and promotion came only to the man who served his king faithfully and well.

Sergeant Walker was in charge of the Kileen barracks, the locality in which Dermid lived and worked and organized his army of raw recruits. The sergeant knew of Dermid but he did not cause his arrest. He allowed a little rope, and young Dermid had youth and energy enough to make the most of his opportunities.

But after a few years the rebellion had grown serious. Flying Columns of young men were operating from hideouts in the hills. Striking here today, and ten miles away tomorrow, those bands of daring patriots disorganized the whole British spy system in Ireland. The police were unable to tell the names of the leaders, who they were or where they came from or where they would strike next.

PERHAPS if the Flying Columns had never operated in Ireland Dermid McTieghue would be alive today. But unluckily three lorries of British troops were ambushed one afternoon close to the Kileen Cross. Rifles, ammunition and stores were captured, the lorries burned, and the soldiers forced to march back into the town they came from.

That ambush made Sergeant Walker appear small and of little consequence in the eyes of his superiors. He was accused of favoritism in not having the greater part of the young men of his district under lock and key.

"Go back and do your duty," his superior cried. "Let me hear from you in a day or two."

That night three men with handkerchiefs over their faces came to the home of Mike McTieghue. They dragged Dermid out of bed and led him down the old bohreen while his father shouted after them that his son was innocent of any wrongdoing.

Dermid never returned. His body was found the next morning in a field below the crossroads close to

the spot where the ambush had taken place a few days before.

Nobody knew for sure who murdered the young leader but all had suspicions. Mike McTieghue was brokenhearted—too miserable to cry. He stood in the house and gazed down into the pale white face.

What a funeral Dermid had! It reached from his home to the cemetery three miles distant. Father Pat rode in front with a white linen cloth across his shoulders. At the grave he tried to cheer Mike. Told him not to carry revenge or hatred in his heart.

"Forgive," he said. "Forgive. You must forgive to be forgiven. We are all human. Christ forgave even those who drove nails through His hands and feet."

Mike made no reply. Just stood there and gazed down into the grave. The neighbors tried to drag him away but he refused to leave until the last shovelful of earth was piled on top of the casket. Then the old man dropped on his knees, raised his hands and cried so all might hear:

"I'll never die till I revenge you, Dermid. I'll never die till I know for sure the man who shot you. Then I'll avenge your death with my own hands."

Every day during the next year Mike tramped the three miles of rough road and knelt by the side of the grave. He was planning for a headstone. Sixty pounds, the stone-cutter asked for a marble slab with a cross on top. Sixty pounds was a lot of money for Mike but he would save it. Perhaps in a few years he could lay the money down and tell the contractor to go ahead.

On the night Sergeant Walker hid away in the room from the sure vengeance of Fergus O'Driscoll there were five pounds in ten-shilling notes, half-crowns and shillings hidden away in a brown jug on the middle shelf of the dresser. The

money was a start toward the sixty pounds. Mike denied himself many necessities to save it.

Sergeant Walker heard Fergus O'Driscoll call out good-night, and he heard the door bang. Crawling from underneath the bed he stepped into the kitchen and stood outside the circle of light.

"**A**RE they gone?" he whispered. "I was scared to death you would give me away."

"Why should I give you away?" asked Mike. "You're in trouble. You mightn't have done everything right toward your neighbors. But we all make mistakes. I'd advise you though to get away from here. You are a marked man. If they ever lay hands on you it will be too bad."

"I can't make my escape in this uniform," replied the officer.

"I have a suit of clothes here that might fit you," answered Mike. "'Tis a suit belongin' to my Dermid. He was about your size and build. You should be able to reach the town without anybody knowin' you."

The sergeant pulled at his fringe of gray hair.

"I have no money," he frowned. "Even if I reached the town in safety, I couldn't buy my railway ticket. All the money I possessed was lost in the barracks fire this evening."

"I have a few pennies," nodded Mike. "I can give you a couple of pounds."

The sergeant brushed a tear from his cheek as he changed from his blue uniform into the checkered tweed suit of Dermid McTieghue.

"Fits me like a glove," he muttered. "Seems as if they were made for me."

"Here, take this," said Mike as he drew three pounds in notes and silver from the brown jug. "I was savin' it for a head-stone," he said.

"But the stone can wait for awhile."

The sergeant took the three pounds. Thrust it in his pocket and gripped Mike's hand.

"Good night and goodbye," he said. "You are, indeed, a friend to a man you never met before."

Mike pressed the fingers resting in his toll-hardened palm.

"Goodbye," he nodded. "Remember Dermid and me sometimes."

The driving hail had ceased as Sergeant Walker stepped hurriedly down the old bohereen. Mike had closed the door and shot back the bolt when a hurried rat-tat sounded on the window.

"Now who may this be?" he muttered. "Some more visitors."

He hurried to the door and shot back the bolt.

"Sergeant Walker!" he gasped. "Sergeant Walker, why did you return?"

Sergeant Walker stepped over the threshold and gazed into the face of the white-haired man before him.

"I can't take your money," he blubbered. "You have made me ashamed of myself. Mike McTieghue, it was I who shot your son. I have died a thousand deaths here tonight. I am no good. Never was a man."

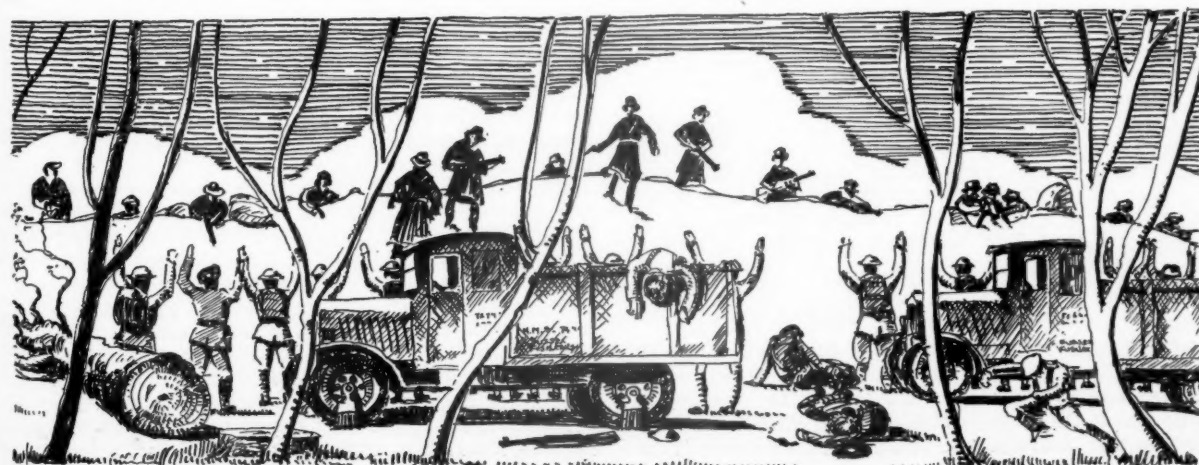
Mike's face remained calm and his eyes gazed steadily into the eyes of the man before him.

"So it was you killed my Dermid," he nodded. "Wait a second."

The sergeant watched the old man take down the brown jug from the corner of the dresser, and empty the contents into his cupped hand.

He came back then and stood before the sergeant.

"Here, take this," he nodded. "Three pounds won't be enough to pay your way. I promised Dermid I'd avenge his death. This is the revenge he would want me to take. Put this money in your pocket and go before Fergus sees you."





Woman to Woman



By KATHERINE BURTON

"YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING"

• **H**ERE is the outline in brief of the plot of a recent novel. Jane and John Doe have been married for some years and are the parents of two small girls. A feeling of incompatibility arises in Jane's heart and at the same time she falls in love with another man, a world traveler, a widower with one small son. She is divorced and marries the second man. Her first husband also soon marries again.

Now Jane learns that though her second husband is devoted to her he does not care much for his child and even less for her two children. Her first husband's second wife, on the other hand, adores children, so the two little girls go to their father for longer and longer visits as the second husband insists on longer and longer trips. Finally they go to China for several years and Jane is heart-broken that she must leave her children, who, though at first they wept bitterly when they had to leave their mother for the legal visit to their father, now look forward to going.

In China a son is born to her, and she herself becomes a semi-invalid, her real illness being a longing to get back to America. Eventually she persuades her husband to take her home, where her baby son had been sent some months before. Her first husband's second wife has died in childbirth and she finds her second husband's son by his first wife a sick unhappy boy, made almost a mental invalid by an unscrupulous nurse.

So now, after hegiras of love and travel, everybody is home again and the book ends on this happy scene: Jane's two little girls playing happily with the second husband's little son, and the child which belongs to them both cooing in his carriage close by. Jane speaks kindly of her first husband—and hopes that he will marry again soon.

This, dear reading public, is called *You Can't Have Everything*, and it is the latest from the pen of that well-known Catholic novelist, Kathleen Norris. For a long time Mrs. Norris, when situations looked as if they would be contrary to Catholic ethics, when the scales went too high in that direction, was wont to load the other side of the scales with sudden death, so that a marriage could take place that would satisfy such ethics even though the laws of probability might be severely strained. But now she comes all the way with no mitigation whatever. As to just what the title means I don't know, for according to the worldly hearts of her characters, they do get everything in the world—everything, that is, except those tiresome Christian commandments that Mrs. Norris drops lightly overboard when her craft needs lightening.

THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER

• **M**RS. NORRIS is already at work on a new novel in which the pretty typist has fallen in love with her married employer and just can't seem to know what to do about it. Perhaps this time we shall have real intrigue and then she will be fully up to date in every

detail. How can she do it? How can she reconcile her conscience with her plots? It is all very well to say she is writing for a general audience and not merely a Catholic one, and that divorces are a commonly accepted thing of the present day, but I can call to mind no woman writer who is also a Catholic who does this sort of thing. There is Mary Synon, for example, who sells very well to magazines, and who does not write especially for Catholics, but she doesn't, within my recollection, do any such double ethical dealing.

If Mrs. Norris were just an ordinary writer one would not need to pay so much attention to her. But since she has so great an audience and since she is gifted with such an appealing style and an ability to make paper-people real, and since she must number many Catholic women and girls among her readers, I say again, how can she reconcile her conscience to this sort of thing? It seems to me that sometimes, across the face of one of the large checks which her writing brings her, the figures must fade away before her eyes and instead another amount confronts her—a famous amount—thirty pieces of silver.

MATTER FOR A DRAMA

• **F**ROM Spain comes a story that would make an excellent novel—not perhaps one of Mrs. Norris' everlasting tangles of love but the deeper love that forgets itself. Sister Pilar, Mother Superior of the Carmelites of Linomar, disguised as a member of the Red Militia, went into the Malaga prison and succeeded in bringing out eighteen priests, one at each visit. After that she arranged for places where they could remain in concealment. I gleaned this from a brief news item, but there is certainly material for a story here and a good one. I wish someone could tell me more about Sister Pilar, and I hope she is safe and all her eighteen protégés too.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN WOMAN

• **A**ND speaking of mothers, the winner of a prize offered for an essay on the American woman who has contributed most "to the development of the United States from 1825 to the present day" was won by a young woman who wrote on Mrs. Jones, the average American woman. I have often felt that this composite woman ought to have a crown of some sort to wear, though she would be too busy to keep it on probably. It seems to me that the woman who, with no servants, with not much money, raises a family, sees them on the road to healthy man- and womanhood is doing a bigger job than pretty nearly anyone else in the country. For if she falls down on her job, what boots it what the rest of the jobs accomplish? She is doing her best to fulfill my own pet Utopia: a world where no child shall be hungry or frightened. Other names won lesser awards, from Jane Addams to Mrs. Roosevelt, but it made me very happy to find that my pet heroine, Mrs. Jones, came out ahead of them all.

BOOKS

Sorrow Built A Bridge (A Daughter of Hawthorne)

by KATHERINE BURTON

Katherine Burton has not only written a book which is a joy to read, but she has also given us the life of one who made life worth living. *Sorrow Built A Bridge* tells of the life and work of Hawthorne's youngest daughter in such an interesting manner that it reveals the sacredness of human affection in the home and evokes from the reader uplifting thought, high resolve and courage to face life as we find it.

It seems that miracles never cease. Every true conversion to the Catholic Faith is a wonderful romance. And here we have a convert writing the life of another convert. As we read this book we are reminded that it is not things themselves that are really bad or good, but the use we make of them for weal or woe. Sorrow, like wealth, can prove a blessing or a curse. Sorrow can open the gates to an earthly paradise and change despair into hope that spans the abyss separating the finite from the infinite.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop "accepted sorrow and found it a healing power." She wrote: "Sorrow, my friend—I owe my soul to you." Death entered into the sanctuary of her young life to steal away her father, the idol of her heart. Death came again to take her mother and later on her sister. She founded a home of her own to begin life anew, but death determined to have his way and stole the child of her love and later her husband too. But with a love stronger than death, she went down into the slums of the big city, sought out this grim reaper who had robbed her of all her loved ones and found him at his merciless work on poor, incurable, cancer victims. These last she snatched from filth, poverty and despair and sent them on to the high road of cheerfulness until they reached the portals of unending bliss.

Perhaps Rose Hawthorne was not always so minded, nurtured as she was in the charms of literature, of art and of travel, formed to the lofty-mindedness of New England celebrities of American letters, such as that of her own beloved father, of Emerson, Thoreau, Browning and

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others, and continued in a measure by her marriage to George Parsons Lathrop. Yet all this ended in domestic disappointment.

"Sorrow, my friend, when shall you come again?" she wrote. She did not wait but went out to meet her "friend" and filled the void of her soul with "tenderness for others." Now a Dominican Sister, a fullness even to completion set loose her marvelous energy to build up a work of love for Christ's poor that still goes on and spreads its happy influence through our land.

If you want the delights of literature, the inspiration of art, the entertainment of travel, the romance of a truth-seeker and the peace of a convert, and the thrill of "going about doing good," Katherine Burton gives all these and more to you in her charming volume of how A Daughter of Hawthorne by means of Sorrow Built a Bridge into the infinite.

Longmans, Green & Company, New York. \$2.50

The Good Society

by WALTER LIPPMANN

"This is a difficult and ambitious essay, and I do not offer it as a complete solution." So writes Walter Lippmann about his brain child. This examination of his own conscience is keenly accurate, for *The Good Society* treats the difficult social, economic and political problems of this our day in the ambitious manner of the philosopher, and though a complete solution is not offered, at least the broad highway that must be followed is indicated. In man there is a soul that yearns for liberty, and this soul cannot be destroyed by Stalin's firing squads or Hitler's concentration camps. "Against this mighty energy the heresies of an epoch will not prevail. For the will to be free is perpetually renewed in every individual who uses his faculties and affirms his manhood."

Lippmann is a liberal of the Adam Smith school but he has purified

his liberalism and purged it of the *laissez-faire* fallacy. He doesn't think the government should sit back and let the rich grow richer and the poor poorer, but he does not believe in government-planning or in the New Deal.

At times Lippmann is as Catholic as are the social encyclicals of Leo and Pius. He is acquainted with Belloc's opposition to the servile state and agrees with the Church's view of the totalitarian state.

"In the powerful national collectivist states of our time, the sins of the clergy have been a pretext, seized upon by the collectivists in their determination to stamp out the ultimate resistance of the human soul. The real reason for the irreligion of Fascists and Communists is that religion cultivates a respect for men as men. Against that respect the totalitarian state cannot long prevail. That is why, though all the so-called class enemies had been cowed or exterminated in Russia, though the democrats, socialists, pacifists, had been beaten, exiled, or put in Italian and German concentration camps, the dictators, for what looked like no good reason at all, went on to attack the churches and the religious life. They were well advised. They are not stupid men. They have appraised the religious life correctly when they have seen in it the source of the infection, or, as we shall call it, the source of the inspiration, that makes men secure in their manhood, rejects the pretensions of their masters, invests the human personality with infinite dignity and untold promise. They have seen truly that the religious experience must forever raise up new enemies of the totalitarian state. For in that experience the convictions which the dictators must crush are bred and continually renewed."

Of course, Lippmann is wrong in lumping Italy with Russia and Germany, for Mussolini has not attacked the Church. Perhaps if he read Owen B. McGuire's article in the September issue of *THE SIGN* on "Italy's Place in the Sun" he would be able to clear his mind of some of the anti-Italian propaganda with which he has been deluged by the press.

Lippmann also has been hoodwinked by another bit of propaganda. He devotes a few pages to a

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by H. E. Knoblaugh

An Associated Press correspondent just back from Madrid writes of Red methods in war and propaganda as he saw them. Incidentally his book goes far to explain why Mr. Lunn (and the rest of us) have found newspaper reports of the war so unreliable. \$2.50.

MEN AND TENDENCIES

by E. I. Watkin

Discussions of Wells, Aldous Huxley, Havelock Ellis, Santayana, Marx and Marxism, War and Peace and many other men and matters. Mr. Watkin writes with clarity and discernment, but he leaves a good many ruins in his wake. The book is lighter than might have been expected from so deep a philosopher, but not the less important for that. 316 pp. \$3.50.

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The author of this witty book finds two principles in Shaw: Bernard he loves, George he criticizes. Just so much of Shaw's life and background are given as are needed for an understanding of his mind—the mind of a great man for all its vagaries. 216 pp. \$2.00.

Gael Over Glasgow

by Edward Shiels

A story of shipbuilding on the Clyde, of unemployment, of Communism—the author, a Catholic and himself a Glasgow engineer, writes with first-hand knowledge and in doing it proves himself to be a novelist of great charm and power. 307 pp. \$2.50.

THE HOLY GHOST

by Edward Leen, C.S.Sp.

The author, in showing the work of the Holy Ghost in souls, reveals a world of unimaginable beauty; not to be aware of that world is to miss much of the glory of Catholicism. 241 pp. \$2.50.

DAMIAN THE LEPER

by John Farrow

Not only has this received nearly 100 enthusiastic reviews, but it has earned for its author the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. 233 pp. With a portrait in color by Jean Charlot. \$2.50.

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simile involving Galileo. His version of the Galileo case reveals him to be the victim of the Protestant historians who were the forerunners of the Communist press-agents of contemporary Madrid. Lippmann would, I dare say, change his mind about the Galileo case if he read *The Freedom of Science* by Joseph Donat, S.J.

Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$3.00

The Crusades

by HILAIRE BELLOC

Mr. Belloc thinks that Islam holds a potential threat to the West. From his knowledge of the past he envisions swirling, horsed armies of Arabs, and grim columns of Turks moving in upon what is left of Western civilization. Mr. Belloc may be right. He remembers that Islam beat upon the gates of Vienna little more than two hundred and fifty years ago; that the attack of Islam in a similar quarter did much to assist the Protestant Revolt in the Holy Roman Empire. Islam is dormant, but not dead.

It is the military character of Islam with which Mr. Belloc is principally concerned; his study of the clash between Islam and Christianity is written from this angle. He is able to discourse with authority on the organization of the army that left Europe in 1096. This first victorious Crusade went to Palestine by land; later unsuccessful Crusades went by water. This to Mr. Belloc is significant. The battle of Dorylaeum is for him a proof of Western superiority in the field over the East. And he deplores for strategic reasons the failure of the Crusade to attack Aleppo and Damascus.

The Crusade died in battle at Hattin in 1187, says Mr. Belloc with

some plausibility, although at this time Richard the Lion-hearted, Frederick II, and St. Louis IX were not yet born! After Hattin the purpose of the Crusade—to possess the places occupied by the earthly presence of Christ—was never again achieved.

The West has conquered the Levant again. Thirteen out of fourteen Mohammedans are subject to English or French rule. But the Western trader is not the Western Crusader, and Tommy Atkins is not a medieval knight. "We have returned bankrupt in the spiritual wealth that was the glory of the Crusaders." What a conquered, religious East has in store for a conquering, a divided, and an irreligious West is yet to be written.

Mr. Belloc writes here with not quite the mastery of style that his better works show. As usual he does not give a bibliography, nor does he distinguish between what Mr. Belloc thinks and what documents say. But for all that he writes an entertaining, a unique and a plausible story of the Crusades.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$3.00.

The Dissident Eastern Churches

by DONALD ATTWATER

It was a tense moment on June 16, 1054 in the Constantinople Church of the Holy Wisdom, when, just as the liturgy was about to begin, the Papal legates, Cardinal Humbert, Cardinal Frederick Gozelon, and Peter, Archbishop of Amalfi, passed through the crowded church, and solemnly entered the sanctuary. The Patriarch of Constantinople, Michael Cerularius, watched their approach. Gravely, Cardinal Humbert laid Pope St. Leo IX's Bull of Excommunication against Michael Cerularius and his adherents upon the altar. Turning sternly to the wide-eyed, curious congregation he uttered those historic words: "Videat Deus et judicet": May God behold and judge." Those legates left behind them as they passed from that almost legendary Basilica nearly nine hundred years of cleavage between the East and the West. And the breach still remains unhealed.

In *The Dissident Eastern Churches* Mr. Attwater gives us a fine piece of thoughtful research on the Eastern Orthodox Question, lighting up, as few others have done in popular form, the great eleventh-century schism, its historical background and the subsequent world which grew out of it. He brings out, in vivid clear-

By Katherine Burton

SORROW BUILT A BRIDGE

A Daughter of Hawthorne

The popular editor of *The Sign's* monthly page "Woman to Woman" has written one of the most fascinating biographies of the season: the touching story of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

Inherited mysticism and humanitarianism and the influence of old Rome on a sensitive child were among those factors that led Hawthorne's favorite daughter into the Catholic Church. Her personal life in ruins about her, she turned, when nearing forty, to work among the most neglected of the poor and died a Dominican religious, having founded the Society of Servants for the Relief of Incurable Cancer. This story of pure heroism adds a moving chapter to the history of our New England literati.

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ness, how pathetically unnecessary was this disagreeable division.

No one can understand the historic disagreement without first grasping the fact that the great Eastern Schism merely provided the battle flag for national and social quarrels of the East with the West. The Schism was far more the work of the politician and the statesman than of the theologian. The Eastern Church charged the Western Church with corrupting the Faith by adding a word, *Filioque*, to the liturgical creed, the West thereby affirming that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son. That this theological disagreement can be reconciled has been demonstrated many times through the long course of nine hundred years by eminent theologians on both sides.

Mutual distrust and jealousy had been brooding over both the Eastern and the Western Churches at an early date. About the middle of the ninth century, however, came an open clash. The unscrupulously ambitious Photius, the greatest eastern scholar of his time, seized upon the insertion of the *Filioque* into the creed as the pivotal point to give battle to Rome. This rupture was healed on the surface. But suddenly in the eleventh century, Michael Cerularius, Patriarch of Constantinople, an astute politician, seized upon the same pretext as Photius to break the peace. Nine hundred years of ecclesiastical separation has been the result of Cerularius' assault upon the unity of Christ's Church.

The question naturally arises: how were the faithful of the Eastern church so taken in by what must have surely appealed to them as trivial? Mr. Attwater shows with calm objectivity that the West cannot be too easily absolved from all blame for the historic break-up. The actions of the Western Christians towards the Eastern were all too often discreditable, stupid, and un-Christian. The abominable conduct of the Fourth Crusaders provided one of the biggest factors against reconciliation. Then too the psychological view of the Eastern mind must be taken into consideration.

Mr. Attwater has covered a difficult field with a fine learning and sympathy. There is a wealth of co-ordinated incident in his sweeping panorama of the Dissident Churches of the East. A noteworthy feature of the book is the lavish use of really significant pictures. *The Dissident Eastern Churches* is a book destined to be of immense interest to the cleric and lay reader alike.

Bruce Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$3.50.

Leo XIII and Our Times

by RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER, translated from the German by CONRAD BONACINA.

This volume treats of the life of Leo XIII but only insofar as that life is the background for understanding the ideas which the great Pope gave the world and which were incorporated in his battle against the evils of the modern social order. It is an objective account of Leo's attempt to recall a world, imbued with secularism and hovering on the brink of ruin, to the path of Christian light and wisdom.

The reign of Leo XIII began at a time when the principles of Voltaire, Kant, and the French Revolution seemed destined to enjoy a universal triumph. In the name of liberalism all traditional forms of authority were being discarded. Especially was this true of spiritual authority, which was looked upon as fundamentally antagonistic to the new culture to be raised up on the basis of materialistic science and secularistic philosophy. Against these trends in all their ramifications the Church hurled the decrees of the Vatican Council, but the world was unwilling to hear the voice of the Council and prepared to resist to the utmost. The special centre of attack and object of hatred was the Papacy.

With the accession of Leo, a new note was introduced into the attitude of the Papacy towards the world. Leo did not compromise essential doctrines of the Church and in his first encyclical proclaimed the impossibility of any such compromise in the name of progress. What he did envision was a better understanding of the Church's teaching on the part of both Catholics and non-Catholics. As a consequence his reign saw the issuance of many encyclicals proclaiming Catholic teaching on the problems of the day and combating the errors of secularism.

The author singles out for special treatment three encyclicals as being most representative of Leo's thought and work. These are: *Aeterni Patris*, which instituted the revival of Thomistic philosophy; *Sapientiae Christianae*, which defined the relations of Church and State; *Rerum Novarum*, which called upon the members of the Church to take an active interest in the social and industrial problems of the modern world and pointed out the Catholic solution of these problems. All three were epoch-making and re-established the Church as a central factor in modern life. The last chapter of the book, entitled *Quadragesimo Anno*, gives an interesting account of



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the influence of Leo's work down to the present and evaluates it in the light of actual achievement.

René Fülöp-Miller is a non-Catholic who has written other books on Catholic subjects in a sympathetic and understanding vein. This volume on Leo XIII has been written in the same spirit and the result is a valuable and interesting study of a great man and a great Pope.

Longmans, Green and Co., N. Y. \$2.50.

G. K. Chesterton's Evangel by SISTER MARIE VIRGINIA, S.N.D.

Gilbert K. Chesterton's life was marked by a prolific literary production which put him in the forefront among contemporary writers. He has been evaluated by the critics and he has given us an account of himself in his *Autobiography*. As regards the critics, they have too often missed the whole point of Chesterton's literary activity insofar as they have stressed his manner of saying things and neglected what he said. This has resulted in his being presented as a master of paradox rather than as a master of thought. The *Autobiography*, completed just before his death, gives us Chesterton's appraisal of himself as a public character.

Sister Marie Virginia presents a different estimate of Chesterton. She goes to the soul of the man and there finds the inspiration for the good news he was constantly talking and writing about. That inspiration was the Incarnation and the supernatural mysteries of Catholicism associated with the Incarnation. These are the things that made him the champion of the Church and orthodoxy, and enabled him to see life and the things of life *sub specie Aeternitatis*. Consequently Mr. Chesterton's *Evangel* is the same "Good News" brought to men by Christ and entrusted to His Church. The Faith made Chesterton the unique character he was.

The first part of this book is devoted to a sketch of Chesterton's life and the main teachings contained in his prose. The second part is a short but inspiring study of Chesterton's poetry, especially as it reveals him as Our Lady's Lyricist. In all this G. K. is allowed to speak for himself but it would be a mistake to assume that this book is a mere collection of quotations. The author has boiled down and distilled the thought from the wide range of Chesterton's writings and has used direct quotation merely to bear out a point made.

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The Renaissance of Democracy

by G. S. GRACCHUS

The Renaissance of Democracy is a political essay on the Philosophy of Solidarism. Written smoothly, in popular style, it is intended for all who take a direct or indirect interest in the evolution of the politics and economics of our times. Its author declares he cannot reveal his identity and on this account assumed the pen name of Gracchus—Gaius Sempronius Gracchus who about 125 B.C. as a young man sacrificed his reputation and worldly possessions and finally his life in an heroic but futile attempt to save the great cause of Democracy. This self-styled Gracchus is doing his bit for American Democracy as he sees it.

This well-reasoned and well-presented essay argues against the fal-

lacy and incongruousness of totalitarian ideology and the absurdity of its underlying philosophy of Universalism; it likewise rejects the inconsistency of unrestricted individualism and the ensuing disintegration of Democracy under the principle of rugged individualism. It reasons for the existence and predominance of the principle of Solidarity in modern economic and social relations, as well as the absolute possibility of definitely linking modern industrial capitalism with social democracy under a system of Solidaristic Democracy.

His exposé of Fascism, wherever found today, is highly interesting and well done. His defence of the Roosevelt régime will delight New Dealers and will probably win converts to that cause, provided their sympathies with the Republican Party and Father Coughlin are not too intense.

Pegasus Publishing Co., N. Y. \$2.00.

Treasures of Art: Stained Glass of Yorkminster

by CANON F. HARRISON, M.A.

Students of glazing and all lovers of the beautiful will welcome this volume in folio size containing eight photographic reproductions in color of some of the panels in the windows of York Cathedral. This cathedral is said to possess the finest example of medieval glass in all England.

The study of medieval glass has occupied the attention of connoisseurs of art with increasing interest of late years. It has come to be recognized that the medieval glass-maker is a master in his own right, that he is to glass-making what Michelangelo is to sculpture, what Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael are to painting. Indeed, these master-craftsmen have left to posterity treasures of as great value as are the canvasses of the world's great masters of painting. These treasures are the heritage of the world. They represent a very legitimate part of the Catholic contribution to culture.

The present volume is the first in a series on other subjects to follow and is an endeavor to make available in handy form reproductions of these great treasures. Done in colors by the new process of color photography, at great expense to the publisher, they are true to the originals and thus will prove of untold value to pupils and teachers, to libraries and museums and to members of the public who are interested in the priceless treasures of the past.

Studio Publications, Inc., N. Y. \$2.50

An Explanation of the Catechism

by RT. REV. VICTOR DAY, V.G.

During the past few years, there has been a very strenuous effort to improve our catechetical representation of Catholic doctrine, but despite the best of efforts no official manual has resulted therefrom. The Vicar General of the Diocese of Helena, Monsignor Day, has produced a catechetical work suitable for instructing the high school student, the adult Catholic deprived of education in the Catholic high school, and the adult prospective convert to Catholicity. This work is now in its thirteenth thousand; it has been redone into Spanish and is now being done into French; an adaptation of it is being made ready for use in Chinese and Japanese schools; this may be rightly regarded as testimonial as to the worth of the production.

This year, Part I, The Apostles' Creed, has been rearranged and revised, perfecting an already good work. It sells for \$1.25 in the cloth bound copy and \$.65 in the leatherette covered edition; when lots of twelve or more are ordered from the author the price is only \$.50 per copy. It is a truly serviceable manual, even though it may never be adopted by a national congress of catechetical specialists as its approved book for the instruction of the class of readers whom it best suits. It is to be desired that some day it may appear in an edition whose price will make it more accessible to a greater number of people.

Bessette Printing Co., Butte, Mont.

His Struggle

by IRENE HARAND

The American Press has done well in its exposé of the terror that is Hitlerism. That the press stories and editorial comment are not the build-up of a deliberate campaign of Jewish propaganda—if you will—is evidenced by this severe indictment of Nazi Germany and its Dictator, by a Viennese Catholic writer. *His Struggle*, translated from the German *Sein Kampf*, graphically tells the story of the persecution of German Jews. Premising that persecution is never justifiable, and definitely un-Christian, Madame Harand then proceeds to batter down the Nazi case with irresistible logic. Even allowing that German Jewry were all that Hitler and his associates claim, the savagery of

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the Nazi suppression would be unwarranted. But this scholarly and observant Austrian Catholic woman demonstrates beyond question that Nazi charges against the Jew are false, the appeal to Aryan superiority based on fiction, and that the social, scientific, and cultural loss to Germany in the crushing of the Jewish element of its people is incalculable. Of particular interest is the section of thirty pages of small print devoted to the listing of Jews distinguished in the arts, in literature and in medicine.

This is a story of brutality, mass-murder, oppression unequalled in the annals of modern civilization. In fact, it is not modern civilization at all, but a throw-back to the barbarism of Hun paganism of the days before the Christianization of the Germanic tribes by the Catholic Church.

Whether the author's plea for world-wide protest against Nazism will bear fruit or not, unquestionably her hope that this book will bring consolation to the victims of oppression, in the assurance that there are valiant non-Jews who will not submit to the terrorism of the Third Reich, is well founded.

The Art Craft Press. \$2.50.

SHORTER NOTES

BONAVENTURE (The Father Mathew Record, Dublin, 2 shillings, sixpence) is a new quarterly review which makes its appearance with the summer number. It is edited by the Capuchin Fathers. Both its general makeup and contents mark it as a scholarly and entertaining volume. Several well-known names are among the contributors. The articles are written in both English and Gaelic and cover a wide range of subjects. One article especially attracted this reviewer—"Soviet Russia and Spain," by Lancelot Lawton. He proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Soviet was interfering in Spain and making effective preparations for taking over the country before the revolt led by General Franco prevented it. A warm welcome is extended this new quarterly and we wish it the success which such a distinguished magazine deserves.

THE PRAYERS OF THE MISSAL, by C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J. (Sheed & Ward, N. Y., \$1.00) contains a translation of the Collects for each Sunday of the year. Accompanying the translation are points for meditation. The purpose of the work is explained by the

author as being "to help Catholics—who are willing to try to do so—towards praying in the words of the Church, with the mind of the Church, in union with the Church throughout the world, and with the maximum of intelligence and of conviction." The little work is well calculated to attain this end if Catholics will use it and let it aid them in making their attendance at Mass something more than the fulfilling of a precept.

FUNDAMENTAL QUESTIONS OF PHILOSOPHY, by REV. AUGUST BRUNNER, S.J. (B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo., \$2.50) is not a compendium of philosophy. The author selects certain principal problems from the various fields of philosophical thought and succeeds in the single volume in giving a good idea of the Scholastic answer to these questions. Other systems of thought are not overlooked. The treatment of the various questions is not superficial but by no means is it exhaustive. This is as it should be in such a work. It is not intended for the trained philosopher but as a general introduction to philosophical thought. It is a welcome addition to the works on Scholastic philosophy in English dress.

It's Not Too Early for a Christmas Reminder

Last year hundreds of people subscribed to THE SIGN as a Christmas gift for their friends. Renewals of these are due in November. We are sure that such renewals will be as welcome as the original subscriptions. Many readers also took advantage of the special offer of three one-year subscriptions for \$5.00.



It will save you planning during the pre-Christmas season and will help us in ordering our December issue, if you will let us know now how many gift subscriptions you wish. A gift card in your name will accompany each subscription.



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THE GOLDEN FLAME AND OTHER VERSE, by GERTRUDE JANE CODD. (St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$1.25.) A quiet faith and elusive charm invest these verses with an interest that is separable from their conceptual content and external form. They are slight in texture and insufficiently intensified, balancing teeteringly on the edge of the trite. Wistful little themes, wistfully expressed, present a picture of the charming person who wrote them.

Considered as a first sheaf, they are satisfying, with promise of better things to come. The sonnet, "Bridges," for instance, in spite of the awkward last line of the octet, leaps all limitations to attain a passionate evocation of ideal Christian love. However, absolute praise must be denied. *And Other Verse* is an accurate summation of the contents. They lack the inner compulsion that communicates to mere clarity and smoothness the intensity, the controlled passion, of poetry.

SONGS OF SION, by REV. JOHN J. LAUX (Benziger Bros. N. Y., \$1.50) is a new translation of selected Psalms undertaken with the view of making them better known and more useful in the devotional life of the faithful.

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A new English version of the Psalms will be welcome to all who realize the difficulties of the Douai version. Father Laux's translation is smooth and preserves the parallelism of Hebrew versification. He departs from the haphazard sequence of the Bible and arranges the Psalms according to their subject matter or literary style. Each Psalm has an explanatory introduction, and footnotes add further elucidation. Father Laux has done a very satisfactory work and one which ought to make the religious songs of the Hebrews better known and loved for their sake and in their use in the liturgy of the Church.

COURTESY BOOK, by HORACE J. GARDNER and PATRICIA FARREN. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa., \$1.00.) Polite behavior, if consistent, is more than a veneer. Because it

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involves so many expressions of unselfishness, so many efforts to put others at their ease, it may touch on charity itself. A breach of etiquette is not a sin; consideration for others—which courtesy requires—may, properly motivated, take on the garb of real virtue.

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Archconfraternity of the Passion of Jesus Christ

Where and How to Make Meditative Reading

LAST month we reminded you of the importance of meditative reading on the Sacred Passion. Later on we shall make a few suggestions on what books or treatises you might choose for this reading.

But first of all we wish to impress upon you the importance of *where* and *how* to make spiritual reading with profit—not like a daily newspaper, in a half-distracted way amid the noise of the radio or the chatter of the sitting room.

Sit down in a quiet corner as if you were about to read the letters and papers of a deceased father or mother, or a dear friend. Read some words, or a few lines, very slowly; read them again, and then wait for a moment. Read them once more, and talk them over with Jesus, Who is by your side.

Listen to the words of eternal life; listen to the pleadings of the thorns, the nails, the Wounds, the Precious Blood.

It may also help you to keep your crucifix before you, or the devotional picture of Jesus Crucified which is on the first page of the Manual.

In this way you will surely profit thereby, following the example of the bee which lights on a flower and draws sweet nourishment from it.

The same procedure should be followed in making mental prayer with profit to your soul.

Choose the proper place—preferably in the church before the Blessed Sacrament, in the evening after the work and worry of the day is over and your mind is free to concentrate on the things of eternal value—peacefully, quietly, prayerfully.

Choose your subject, and the lesson you wish to take home to yourself, and the fruit or the grace you wish to obtain.

Meditation or serious thought thus made will warm your heart with love for God, and instinctively you will pray mentally. It will keep you near to the Cross of Christ and the Sacred Heart and the nearer you are to His Sacred Heart, the holier, the happier you will be—in a word, you will become a Saint.

(REV.) RAYMUND KOHL, C.P.,
GENERAL DIRECTOR

ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY,
UNION CITY, N. J.

Gemma's League of Prayer

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page,

shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

Masses Said	42
Masses Heard	8,957
Holy Communions	8,773
Visits to B. Sacrament	17,364
Spiritual Communions	30,159
Benediction Services	5,331
Sacrifices, Sufferings	20,189
Stations of the Cross	6,705
Visits to the Crucifix	10,979
Beads of the Five Wounds	24,091
Offerings of PP. Blood	49,225
Visits to Our Lady	11,867
Rosaries	12,011
Beads of the Seven Dolors	3,758
Ejaculatory Prayers	850,582
Hours of Study, Reading	8,172
Hours of Labor	23,046
Acts of Kindness, Charity	10,201
Acts of Zeal	5,242
Prayers, Devotions	63,729
Hours of Silence	8,880
Various Works	10,060
Holy Hours	215

Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Ecclesi. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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REV. MICHAEL J. McGLUE
REV. JOHN W. CASEY, S. J.
REV. JAMES E. CORRIGAN
REV. MATTHIAS NETT, O. S. B.
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MOTHER M. CLEMENT
SR. MARY RAPHAEL
SR. M. IGNATIUS
SR. ANN MICHAELLA
SR. MARY EDWARD
SR. MARY OF THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.

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THE BOOKLET OF THE MONTH FOR NOVEMBER

OUR DEAR DEAD

*“It is a holy and a wholesome
thought to pray for the dead.”*

HIS very attractive pocket booklet contains (in English) the entire Mass for the Dead, the prayers which are recited after Mass and at the grave, together with a selection of richly indulgenced prayers for the departed. It is a handbook which will prove to be of great solace in the time of bereavement.

Few know how deeply touching is Holy Mother Church's concern for those who have gone before us through the gates of death and how richly prayerful are the pleadings which she addresses to our Lord in their behalf.

This book, “Our Dear Dead,” reveals beautifully this heart of Holy Mother Church and will direct the mind and heart of the user with proper devotion to the faithful departed.

THE SIGN

UNION CITY,
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